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Hushed Was the Evening Hymn!

(By J. D. Burns.)

Hushed was the evening hymn,
The temple courts were dark;
The lamp was burning dim
Before the sacred ark;
When suddenly a voice divine
Rang through the silence of the shrine.

Oh give me Samuel's ear—
The open ear, O Lord!
Alive and quick to hear
Each whisper of Thy word;
Like him to answer at Thy call,
And to obey Thee first of all.

Oh, give me Samuel's heart!—
O lowly heart, that waits
When in Thy house Thou art;
Or watches at Thy gates
By day and night!—a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of Thy will.

Oh, give me Samuel's mind!
A sweet unmurmuring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To Thee in life and death:
That I may read, with childlike eyes,
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

The Puzzled Committee.

'I believe we are all here now,' said Mrs. Mortimer Brown, as Mrs. Stephen Amory came into the door of the small vestry in one of our largest city churches. 'Good afternoon, Mrs. Amory,' she said, as she rose, stepped forward and took the hand of her handsome friend which was neatly gloved in an exquisite shade of delicate tan color, harmonizing well with the elegant sealskin and the light tan feathers in her brown velvet bonnet.

'I beg pardon for being a little late,' returned Mrs. Amory. 'I knew I must catch Mrs. Radcliffe now to say a word about our southern trip, as she wanted to plan with her sister in Philadelphia about it, and she leaves for New York at four o'clock.'

'We have not been here long,' interposed Mrs. Lushington, as Mrs. Amory seated herself near the other four ladies of the committee, 'and you know we must always have a little prelude. To plunge directly into committee work would not be at all natural.'

The committee was a representative one, three of its members wives of wealthy men, and two of them ladies of moderate means. The special work of the committee at this time was to plan how the $600 apportioned to the women of this church, by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, should be raised.

Mrs. Brown, the chairman, and one of the wealthiest of these ladies, stated that perhaps she would better read a letter received from the home secretary urging the ladies to collect and send in the money as promptly as possible, since the society was then borrowing money to pay expenses while waiting for the circles to remit their collections.

Mrs. Lushington expressed her surprise and seemed quite overcome with the amount apportioned. 'Six hundred dollars, isn't it?' she asked. 'Why, what in the world do those women want with that amount of money?' She knew nothing of the work of the society, how many missionaries were supported, where they were, or, in fact, anything whatever, except that every year she gave something to 'those women' for foreign mission work.

One of the ladies responded to her query by stating a number of interesting facts concerning mission fields, and how a large part of the money was used.

'Well,' rejoined Mrs. Lushington, 'I do not see how we can ever raise such a sum as that, and,' with a little asperity in her tone, 'for my part I can not see what right they have to give us a certain amount to raise. It seems as if we were called upon for money, money, money all the time. We gave $400, didn't we, for home missions, and now we are asked for $600 for foreign missions. I think they expect too much of us! How much do we give to the industrial school, and the Baptist Hospital, and all the other charities? Do any of you know?'

Mrs. Lushington was evidently excited, and had talked so rapidly no one had had the opportunity until now to reply. Mrs. Brown then said, 'We can easily find out what has

been given by us by getting the books of our secretary and treasurer.'

'I have the figures right here,' interrupted Mrs. Andrews, one of the brightest little women in the church, and one of the most earnest workers. 'I was asked some time since,' she continued, 'to make an estimate with reference to proportionate giving between the women of our larger churches and those of the smaller ones, so I gathered considerable information.' With an apologetic smile on her face she said, in a gentle, deprecatory tone, 'I am sorry to say it, but it really seems that, according to our means, we do not give nearly as generously as those in many of the smaller churches!'

'But,' interrupted Mrs. Amory, turning toward Mrs. Andrews, and with a critical air, 'I should like to know who estimates the wealth and ability to give in these different churches!'

'I think,' replied Mrs. Andrews, still speaking in her quiet, ladylike way, 'that the committee which made the estimate was very just. It is surely natural to think that in the churches where many of the members have expensive homes which are elegantly furnished, where the ladies spend large amounts on dress and jewels, and entertainments, where they go abroad frequently, own summer homes in the mountains or at the seashore, they must have far larger incomes than those who live in rented houses, dress plainly, travel little, keep no carriages, and often have but a single servant.'

'Yes, I suppose that is so,' returned Mrs. Amory with some reluctance, her diamond pin and ear drops flashing in the sunlight as she made the remark.

'Perhaps I would better read the secretary's letter now,' interposed Mrs. Brown, 'for that will answer one of Mrs. Amory's questions about the apportionment, and then we can discuss some plans for getting it.'

Mrs. Brown read the letter. It was wisely written and well worded. The statement was made that the board was only the servant of the society to carry out its plans, that the society had voted to support so many missionaries and schools and to raise the money for them, that many of the women of the society thought that they could more easily raise money for the society if they had a definite amount before them. She added, 'Of course we are not obliged by any committee or society to do this, but we would certainly like to if we can, and I think we shall not find it very difficult. Possibly some of you have thought of a good plan?' she queried.

After a moment Mrs. Andrews asked, 'How did we raise our home mission money, Mrs. Brown?'

'That was not easily done,' was the reply. 'I suppose had it not been for Mrs. Sargent's large gift of $200 we should have found it a hard matter to raise the $400. We cannot expect any such single gift, so must do our best to raise the $600 in smaller amounts I suppose, but it will not be easy work,' she added, with a sigh. 'What do you think we can do, Mrs. Lushington?'

Mrs. Lushington, who had expressed such surprise when that amount was first named had settled back into an easy chair, and had listened attentively to the foregoing conversation, making up her mind, before Mrs. Brown had read the letter, that by some means they must raise the amount apportioned to them. She had just paid a dressmaking bill of $700 and a milliner's bill of $95, so she felt rather poor. She really did not see how they were to collect so much. In response to Mrs. Brown's direct question she mildly suggested with an affected, indifferent air, 'I've been wondering, Mrs. Brown, if we could not give some entertainment to help us to raise this amount. Possibly we might have two or three drawing-room musicales, or get some elocutionist to give readings, or something of that sort. Still I know all such things are a good deal of care and it is getting on toward spring, and every one is rather tired of entertainments. Perhaps some one can suggest something better,' she added languidly, as she glanced to the other members of the committee.

'How would it do,' asked Mrs. Amory, in a bright tone of voice, 'to get a good lecturer, like Kennan, for instance, charge a good price for tickets, and have it in the evening when the gentlemen would come.'

'But you know,' said Mrs. Brown, 'we should probably have to pay $100 for such a lecture, besides the expense of a hall—as our church is never given for entertainments, and then if the night should be stormy we would not make anything above our expenses.'

'Yes,' that is true,' acquiesced Mrs. Amory, 'and besides no one wants the bother of selling tickets. My children have told me that they just would not go out and try to sell any more tickets for anything. So few want to buy, and so many are disagreeable about it. They said awhile ago quite emphatically that I need not bring any more home unless I wanted to sell them myself.'

The ladies laughed at this last remark, and by their looks indicated quite plainly they had had similar experiences.

Mrs. Avery Allen, who was the fifth member of the committee, had not as yet taken any part in the discussion. She had large wealth inherited from her parents and grandparents. She was most unostentatious and unassuming, having an air so entirely different from that of the new-rich who are so often purse-proud, conscious of their new wealth, and who make all their friends conscious of it. Not so Mrs. Allen. She was one of the noblest of women, interested in all good work, glad to have a share in many helpful organizations for the betterment of thousands and for the spread of the gospel. Her diamonds and jewels were not worn on ordinary occasions, her usual dress was simple although elegant, and in her handsome, hospitable home many a good enterprise had been inaugurated, and many a tired and weary worker had found refreshment and rest.

'We always look for good suggestions from you,' said Mrs. Brown to Mrs. Allen. 'Will you not tell us how "you" think we could best raise this money?'

Mrs. Allen hesitated a moment. Then in her sweet, quiet way, with a smile on her face, she asked, 'Well, wouldn't it really be the easiest way just to "give it."'

'Certainly,' said Mrs. Brown. 'I think we are all agreed that the money should be raised. But would you favor any suggestions made about entertainments, or can you suggest something to us?'

'No,' replied Mrs. Allen. 'My idea is that we should just "give" this money.'

There was an ominous silence for a moment. It seemed to require time for those who had discussed entertainments to understand that Mrs. Allen really thought that the $600 could be collected in cash without all the extra efforts suggested. Mrs. Brown was the first to speak.

'Haltingly she said, 'The amount has seemed so large, Mrs. Allen, and we know that in some of the churches it has been a hard matter to collect the apportionment even with entertainments, I suppose we felt we must do something in that way. Do you think we really could get it without?'

'I seen no reason why we could not,' responded Mrs. Allen pleasantly. 'To speak plainly,' she continued, 'I will say that I have never approved of entertainments for raising money for the Lord's work. But there is so much of it now-a-days, it is not strange we have discussed it. It seems to me,' she said slowly, 'much better for us to cultivate the spirit of giving, cheerful giving as we are prospered, and proportionately to our other expenses. I quite approved of a remark of a minister a few Sundays since on this point. He said "many tell us we should give until we feel it, but I think we should feel until we give." I'm sure the women of our church are glad to help in all our mission work, and I think if some of us who have been blessed with larger means do our share, we can get the $600 easily. We all have to acknowledge that there is a good deal of truth in what our president said about gifts at the annual meeting, that certain amounts of money look large or small to us according to the objects for which we desire them. $100 for a new rug, or a gown or a picture does not look as large as $100 for missions; and she urged, you will remember, that, if we could expend these and much larger sums continually for ourselves and our homes we should also give as generously for the Lord's work.'

Mrs. Allen's words, spoken so gently, with no spirit of dictation, appealed to each member of the committee. They all loved her, looked up to her, and respected her ideas. Even Mrs. Amory, who was honest and kindly, and who from sheer indifference because of a multiplicity of social engagements had made the remarks she did at the opening of the meeting, said: 'You have spoken just the right word, Mrs. Allen, as you always do. Your way is surely the best. I, for one, needed to hear just what you have said.' Then smiling, she added,

'I'm going to Florida next week with two of my children, and will spend quite a sum before we return. I will give $50 toward this fund before I go.'

'I will give $100 toward it, Mrs. Brown,' said Mrs. Allen, 'and I think I know two or three others who will give $25.'

The sexton opened the door at this moment and coming towards the ladies announced, 'Mrs. Allen and Mrs. Amory, your carriages are at the door.'

'It is getting late,' said Mrs. Brown. 'I think we must have another meeting of the committee soon. Could you come to my house next Monday afternoon at two o'clock? We can finish the plan then. If we can carry out Mrs. Allen's suggestion as to giving the money without any entertainments how good it will be," she added, as they all rose and dispersed. —'Baptist Standard.'

The Christian Use of Money.

Many will read with great interest the convictions expressed by Mr. Cadbury to a representative of the 'Sunday Strand' as to the Christian use of money. They offer no dogmatic rule for others, but they express the practical convictions of one who has shown how money may be used for the glory of God. In this time, when the mere amassing of money is regarded by a vast number as the goal of existence, it is significant to find a wealthy man saying:—

I have seen many families ruined by it spiritually and morally and I believe its acquisition brings blessing to a very small number.

Many of the scandals of modern life are just a practical commentary upon the Apostle's words 'The love of money is a root of all kinds of evil. If however the heart retains its hold upon Christ and the idea of sacred stewardship possesses a man, wealth may be a force of great value. Another sentence of Mr. Cadbury's touches the heart of the matter:—

The mere giving of money is, I believe, of small value in the sight of God, without personal, self-denying service as well.

'They first gave their own selves.'—The 'Christian.'

Our lives are the little garden plots in which it is our privilege to drop seeds. We shall have to eat the fruits of the seeds which we are planting these days.—J. R. Miller, D.D.

Jubilee Coupons Pouring in.

A large number of subscribers are taking advantage of the Special Jubilee year-end trial rate subscription coupon, which appears in each issue. This special trial rate coupon is, of course, only available to those who have never taken either the Daily or Weekly 'Witness,' or lived with those who have taken it. This special rate is simply made to introduce the paper into new homes. With the coupon referred to, any of our readers who fulfil the conditions may have the 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead' for the rest of this year with the trifling sum of fifty cents. The 'Weekly Witness' is a twenty-four page newspaper, containing over four times as much matter as the 'Northern Messenger.' It has departments of special interest and value to every member of the family—including a very interesting Department devoted to agriculture.

See the coupon on another page.

Acknowledgments.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

Reliance.

(By Henry van Dyke, D.D.)

Not to the swift, the race;
Not to the strong, the fight;
Not to the righteous, perfect grace;
Not to the wise, the light.

But often faltering feet
Come surest to the goal;
And they who walk in darkness meet
The sunrise of the soul.

A thousand times by night
The Syrian hosts have died;
A thousand times the vanquished right
Hath risen, glorified.

The truth the wise men sought
Was spoken by a Child;
The alabaster box was brought
In trembling hands defiled.

Not from my torch the gleam,
But from the stars above;
Not from my heart life's crystal stream,
But from the depths of Love.

Rasmus, or the Making of a Man.

(By Julia McNair Wright.)

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CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

The next morning it rained, and Mr. Llewellyn gave his time to drawing and coloring some sketches of what Rasmus called 'weeds,' but which he called very 'curious and highly developed plants.' Rasmus applied himself to the old lady's wood-pile, and cut and piled wood. Rodney aided him, brought in a quantity of kindling, and mended the door of the chicken-house, and the latch of the front gate. The old ladies enlarged upon the great convenience of having men around; but at eleven o'clock the rain had ceased, the sun came out hot, and the men went their way. They were in the north-eastern portion of Westmoreland County at the foot of Chestnut Ridge, a woody and mountainous district. The forest was full of the new stir of spring-life—the brooks rippled full to overflowing; the ferns were unrolling their fronds; birds were building, singing, hammering away at the decayed bark; the squirrels ran round and along the branches; rabbits darted by. Mr. Llewellyn's nets were busy catching beetles and flies for his collection or examination. About five o'clock he began to wind in devious ways from the straight path; finally he stopped. 'Now, Rasmus, I want the use of your lungs; shout "Bob" three times, as loud as you can, with O between each.'

Rasmus obediently shouted, and a cry came back. It was repeated several times, and finally a man looked down from a cliff above them. He stood on the extreme verge, holding on by a tree.

'Hello, Mr. Llewellyn.'

'All right, Bob. Can we come up? There's three of us.'

'Come along; your kind's a safe kind,' said Bob.

Mr. Llewellyn led the way, climbing up a steep, winding path, something like a corkscrew. Then he turned, and they saw a kind of barricade of stone wall; behind it a platform of rock, and opening upon it a cave. A curtain of skins was looped back from the door or entrance, and within were shelves hewn in the cave wall; and two long beds or couches of pine needles and hemlock boughs, with a skin cover for each. On the rock platform a fire was burning, and a very good smell rose up from it, for a 'possum and a rabbit were roasting, and a big corn-cake was catching the dripping, and browning before the coals.

'Pile up your goods, and make yourselves to home,' said Bob—a big man, very rudely clad, who seemed chary of his words, and very devoted to his cooking. 'There's things for you on the long shelf, Mr. Llewellyn, and in the tin box is a note-book, where I wrote out all the observations you wanted me to make.'

Mr. Llewellyn secured the indicated treasures, and Rodney saw that he laid a folded bank-note in the box, in exchange for the note-book. About this curious abode walked a collection of pets, fearless and in amity. An old dog lay by the fire, and a crow sat comfortably on his head. Three cats were taking their ease in their inn; a lame woodpecker fluttered where he chose; a tame rabbit nibbled at some leaves whereof Bob was making a salad; and a big turtle just come out of his winter quarters, clattered around the rock. With these pets Rasmus at once made great friends, and all received his advances cordially. Every animal seemed on friendly terms with Rasmus. The squirrel ran up his shoulder, the woodpecker sat on his head, the cat came to his knee. Bob eyed this with satisfaction. Rodney was particularly interested in the cooking. He had never in his life been so hungry as in these last two days, and perhaps never so happy.

'Do you live up here, all alone?' he asked Bob.

'Yes; I'm a hermit. I never go over ten miles from this rock. Sometimes folks come up here to buy skins or baskets off me. They call down below, and if I say come up, they come. I live here year round with my animals.'

'Don't you get lonesome?'

'I'm used to it.'

'I don't believe I could ever make up my mind to it.'

'I hope you'll never have my reason to. I lived among men, till whiskey got so the better of me that I broke the hearts of all that ever cared for me; and when my wife died, I took a vow never to touch a drop. I couldn't keep it, and live where whiskey was; so, as the whiskey wouldn't go, I did. I came here, and here I've been ten years.'

CHAPTER IX.

A Sabbath in Camp.

'Thou Linnet! In thy green array,
Pervading Spirit, here to-day—
Dost lead the revels of the May,
And this is thy dominion.'

'I think I'd rather stay and fight it out,' said Rodney to this communication. 'I knew a man once, who wanted to stop smoking, and he bought a box of cigars, and set them on his table, where they could stare at him all the time, and then he fought the taste until he conquered it. So, I read of a man who meant to stop drinking, and he filled a bottle with gin, and set it on the window-sill, and there it stood all his life, to remind him he wouldn't touch it.'

'That's all very well when a body is made so they can do it; but when you know and have proved you can't keep up that style of fight, it's better run than perjure yourself.'

'That's so,' said Rasmus. 'It takes a great deal of sand in a man to fight like that; and it's no disgrace to live as you do up here, giving up all you are used to, just to keep straight.'

'But how do you get things to live on?' asked Rodney.

'It takes a great deal less to live on than you think. I need salt and corn-meal, and sugar or molasses, and people bring me them, who come to get skins of me, or nuts. I get quantities of berries to dry, or to eat fresh. I have nuts in plenty. There are streams here, where I get very good fish: I catch rabbits and birds, and other things for food. The boys who come up here bring me powder and shot and fish-hooks, and I trade young birds or squirrels to them. There are some gentlemen near here in the summer, for two or three weeks' vacation, and they leave me clothes, flour, pork, and crackers, for what I do making and keeping their camp. I have some fowls up here; I brought two when I came. That's a true hymn I used to hear my mother sing: "Man wants but little here below." It's true, I'm shut out from doing much good here, but I was one of those poor creatures, that so long as I lived among men was only doing harm, and it came to "run or ruin," and I ran. It was as the good Book says: "If they persecute you in one city flee into another." Whiskey persecuted me, and I fled into the desert. I think of Moses and Elijah, and John Baptist in the desert when I'm up here. It might be worse. I'm better off than if I'd got myself into States's-prison.'

'I should think you'd freeze here in the winter.'

'There's fuel plenty, and I dress warm, and I build a shed and barricade, that I take away when April comes.'

The supper was now cooked. The hermit had made a tea of sassafras leaves, and he got four pieces of birch-bark for plates. A couple of yellow basins and three mugs made up his assortment of crockery; but each person got on very well, with the bark and a slice of corn-pone for dishes. Rodney thought he had never tasted so good a supper. The hermit told him that a great many things called 'weeds' made good food. Chickweed, or groundsel, was nearly as nice as spinach; cress and wild leeks were green all the year round. Nettles, when young, were as good as asparagus, and if one were feverish or had a headache, nettle-tea was better than a whole apothecary-shop. Dandelions and wild mustard and young milkweed made good greens, so the hermit did not need other vegetables, while sorrel made him a salad, and chicory, and a medicine; and various roots of wild plants were almost as good as potatoes. As for chestnuts roasted, or boiled, or dried and pounded into flour, the hermit thought he could live on them. In fact, Rodney perceived that the world was wider and fuller than he had dreamed, and Nature is no niggard in providing for her children. Sleep on the pine-needle bed was very sweet. The moon was full, and from where he lay, Rodney watched the flood of silver light poured into the dark cup of the valleys. He saw the shoulders of the mountains, black with pine and hemlock, thrust boldly into the white radiance. He heard owls and whip-poor-wills calling, and streams rushing down into the glens.

They breakfasted on the remnants of the supper. Mr. Llewellyn packed his new specimens collected by the hermit, and they pursued their way, moving toward the outlying spurs of the Laurel Hill Ridge, and so into the southern portion of Cambria County.

'We must stop as early as four to-night to make our camp,' said Mr. Llewellyn to Rasmus.

'I'm always ready to stop and ready to camp. I'd rather by half have a camp than stop in a house. But what are you making one to-night for?'

'To lie by in to-morrow. We don't travel Sunday.'

'I'm blessed!' cried Rasmus; 'you are going to lie by every Sunday, rain or shine? What for?'

'Because God said, "Withdraw thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day."'

'When did He tell you that?' asked Rasmus.

'He tells everybody that in his book, the Bible.'

'You've got me there,' said Rasmus. 'e never knowed nothin' of such a book; couldn't read it if I had. But I had as lief stop over. If we spend every Sunday campin' in the woods, I'd as soon have two in a week.'

'I hope sometimes we can spend them near a church and go to service.'

'If there's good singin' and some square hittin' out at thieves and drunkards and other rascals, I don't mind the church,' replied Rasmus, like other people, very willing to hear his neighbor reprehended, and with no notion that he needed reproof or instruction for himself.

As it was Saturday, the country children, ordinarily in school, were out in full force in the woods and by the roads, and Rasmus had his wrath excited by the robbing of birds'-nests. He rescued several for the time being, carried off one little boy, holding him over his shoulder by the leg, to 'pay him out' for breaking up a wren's nest, and gave one rascal who had ruthlessly murdered a nestful of

blue-birds, a sound drubbing, in which Mr. Llewellyn acquiesced. Rodney was introduced to a cedar-bird, with little patches of vermilion on his gray wings, looking as if he had been sprinkled with drops of sealing-wax.

'He's a scout, I guess,' said Rasmus; 'it's too early for him up here yet.'

Going through a thick piece of woods, Rasmus felt himself very happy to see a shrike, or butcher-bird.

'He's goin' to set up housekeeping here for the summer. In a few days he'll pick out a good place for a nest.'

'Why do they call such a pretty thing a butcher-bird?'

'Because he keeps a meat-shop and hangs up his meat on hooks. You watch him a bit.'

And sure enough the shrike, who darted about picking up berries and eating spiders and beetles, came upon an unlucky cricket, and coolly went and impaled him on a thorn, to save for future need; after a little he brought a second and then a third, and stuck them up in his shop.

'Horrid little wretch!' said Rodney.

'So he is: he eats smaller birds, too. I saw one kill a humming bird-once. Greedy thing; he hangs up more food than he can eat, and goes away and forgets it. Now, I like woodpeckers. Here's the nest of one in this hollow tree, and the front door being too large, you see he has plastered it up with mud to the right size. They are as handsome birds as we have, unless the jays are finer. It is time for the flicker or golden-wing now, and we'll see him to-day; and then there is the red-wing and the red-head and the yellow-breasted: they are awfully kind to each other, and take turns sittin' on the nest so each can go feed; and they are neat, too, they clean up their nest every night.'

About four o'clock Mr. Llewellyn found a dry and sheltered spot near a stream, where, he said, the camp should be made. Rasmus was a master-hand at woodcraft. He set Rodney to bringing stones for a hearth, where the fire should be made; then he chose two trees standing in line, and laid across the first crotch in each a long sapling reaching from tree to tree. Mr. Llewellyn brought several long, dead branches, and set them sloping from this sapling to the ground, to form a slanting roof for a shelter-hut, open to the fire. Over this framework was laid a thatch of cedar boughs, and the ends were closed up in the same way; beds were prepared of pine needles, dry leaves, and hemlock twigs; Rodney dragged a great pile of fuel to be in readiness. Mr. Llewellyn then went to work at his sketching and coloring, and mounted the day's plunder of beetles and butterflies on cards.

'You will never be able to carry all you have, soon,' said Rod.

'I shall express a box of them from Johnstown to a friend to be taken care of. Now, to-night we will have a moth hunt, and you will set the traps. Take this little bottle, about dusk, and go among the trees, and with the brush put some of the sweet, sticky stuff on the bark of the trees, only mark your way by blazing, that is, by breaking branches, so as not to forget where you went. I should not wish to leave the night-fliers to die in the traps and serve no good end.'

Rasmus had gone off to find a pool for a bath, which he pronounced splendid, and which refreshed him to make great preparations for supper. A large loaf, a dozen eggs, and some potatoes had been purchased at a farm-house; a tin pail, coffee, sugar, and ham at a country store. The eggs and potatoes were roasted in the ashes of the fire; the ham was toasted by hanging it on green twigs before the blaze; the coffee was made in the pail. Mr. Llewellyn had a folding metal cup in his pocket, and Rasmus had invested five cents in a mug; Rodney was obliged to drink his coffee from the pail-lid, but thought that it had its advantages in cooling quickly.

Close by the edge of the stream grew a clump of colt's-foot, and the handsome blossoms catching the eye of Rasmus, he asked why flowers were different colors.

'I don't mind learnin' things,' said Rasmus, 'when learnin' comes so easy, as just havin' you explain agreeable when I ask.'

'The colors of flowers are usually in the petals—the flower, as you call it—and these are hung out as signs on handbills, to call the attention of insects who are wanted to carry the pollen from flower to flower; and as different kinds of insects are wanted, flowers have different colors. The original and most common color is yellow; beetles like yellow; the flowers that wish for customers a promiscuous lot of little flies, are usually white; flowers that bid for night-fliers or moths, are white or pale yellow, as they are best seen in the dark; and flowers that desire visits of bees and butterflies are red, purple, and blue, for these insects prefer such colors. Bees are very fond of blue. If you put honey or sugar on different colored paper, the bees will go first and oftenest to that which lies on blue; if you cut off the petals of a flower, even a bee-loved flower, the bees will no longer go to it, even when you leave the honey sacs.'

'I have made up my mind,' said Rodney, 'that if I can get to college, I shall study most the Natural Sciences. I'll put my spare time all on them, and I will have that for my business in life, to learn and teach and write about the wonders of flowers and insects and birds. It seems to me these are all in partnership.'

'Now you talk,' said Rasmus; 'now you've got a notion what kind of a cargo to take on, and what kind of a market to carry it to. I told you a week ago that was what you needed, and now you've took my advice. You'll find you generally handle yourself right, if you go the way I tell you.'

At this glimpse of the cheerful satisfaction Rasmus had in himself, in spite of having thus far brought his life to nothing, Rodney laughed until he fell back and rolled over on the grass.

Church Going Animals.

(George Bancroft Griffith, in the New York 'Observer.')

The writer has learned of a new phase of canine character through the story of a dog who would not change his denominational connection with a change of masters. In this respect he showed more strength of character than is exhibited by some human beings who permit circumstances to govern them in a matter which should be one of the deepest convictions of duty.

Greenfield, Mass., once boasted of a dog whose churchgoing proclivities might well make him an example to his brother-men. He was a regular attendant upon the ministrations of the venerable and venerated Dr. Chandler, pastor of the North Parish Church. After the death of his first master, who was a member of Dr. Chandler's church, the dog became the property of a well known deacon of another sect. But the dog, with a faithful consistency worthy of the old martyrs, refused to change crews with masters. Regularly every Sunday morning he started for church with the family, but when they reached the road that turned off toward Dr. Chandler's the dog invariably trotted off alone down this road to the church of his preference, leaving the family to pursue their way without him.

He was an object of great interest to the children of the congregation, and helped beguile the way for them through many a long sermon, a little above their heads. He was a large yellow dog, with the dignified bearing of one who respects himself. The possession of but one ear added to the peculiar sagacity of his aspect, and his wise air of interest in the proceedings.

The pulpit was reached by a long flight of steps, with a landing at the top. When Dr. Chandler entered the church and mounted these steps, the dog always followed him and stationed himself on the landing, where he remained during the service, conducting himself with the greatest gravity and propriety. If he were sometimes guilty of a stolen nap, he was not without company in the pews.

As most of the congregation lived a long distance from the church they usually brought lunches, which were eaten during the short nooning between the two services. The dog mingled affably with the congregation during this nooning, and was never suffered to go hungry. In the afternoon, he resumed his post on the pulpit landing, when he trotted off homewards, apparently as full of edification as any of the congregation.

In some way, by some mysterious dog wisdom that our dull human brains cannot fathom, he always knew when Sunday came. On week-days he accompanied the family to the village as a matter of course. Only on Sundays, but invariably then, did he forsake them for the road across the meadows to the North Parish Church.

In the West of England, not far from Bath, there lived toward the close of the eighteenth century a worthy, learned and benevolent clergyman. He had a turnspit named Toby, a fine dog, with stout legs fit for his work, and enabling him to follow his master hour after hour, sometimes, indeed, to his annoyance, but he was of too kind a disposition to repulse him. At length he became so persevering, and even presuming, in his attendance that he would venture into the reading desk on a Sunday. This the clergyman tolerated for a time, but thinking he saw a smile on the countenances of some of his congregation at Toby's appearance, he began to fear that he was injudiciously indulgent, and ordered Toby to be locked up in the stable the next Sunday morning.

But he was locked up to no purpose, for he found his way out through the leaded casement, and presented himself at the reading desk as usual. Again the next Sunday it was determined to take further precaution, and accordingly, when the dog had done his part on Saturday toward roasting the beef which was to be eaten cold on Sunday, he was not suffered to go at large as on other occasions, but was bolted up in the woodshed, where there was no window to allow of his escape.

He continued in confinement, testifying his uneasiness by barking and howling during the greater part of the day of rest, but it was hoped his discomfort would be a warning to him to avoid the church. Being let out on Sunday evening, and left at liberty for the rest of the week, he passed the days in his usual way, did his duty in the wheel whenever he was wanted, and showed not the least sullenness or discontent. But at twelve on Saturday, when his services were wanted for the spit, Toby was not to be found. Servants were dispatched in all directions in quest of him, but without effect. It was supposed that he must have been stolen, and the cook and the master were alike in despair.

On Sunday morning the clergyman went to church, free from Toby's officious devotion, but concerned at his unaccountable disappearance. His reappearance, however, was equally unexpected, for as his reverence entered the reading desk he saw Toby's eye twinkle a morning salutation in his usual corner. After this no opposition was offered to Toby's Sunday movements, but he was allowed to go to the church as he pleased, with the approbation of the rector and the whole parish. In this case, if the dog did not reckon days, he showed excellent powers of calculation for his own ends.

A Massachusetts young lady saw a peculiar feature in a church in a Maine town which she visited not long ago. Hearing the cooing of a dove, she looked around and saw a white dove perched on the organ listening to the music with great appreciation. She learned afterward that the dove had been a regular attendant at church for eight or ten years, being attracted by the music, of which it was very fond. It was twelve years old, and was the pet of a lady who lived near. After church the dove was taken to his Sunday school class by a boy, and seemed to enjoy the proceedings. Unlike many churchgoers, the weather made no difference to the dove, but every Sunday, summer and winter, he was at his post on the organ. That part of Broadway on the east side, between Pratt street and half the block toward Gough street, in Baltimore, has a rat whose actions have gained for it the title of the religious rat. He is seen at night, and only when there are services either in Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church or Broadway Baptist Church. He seems to be in a very placid humor when there is service in but one of the churches named. But when the two congregations are worshipping at the same time, as is the case on Sunday nights, he becomes uneasy and keeps a constant running betwen the two. One evening, when some residents tried to prevent him going into the yard of the Baptist Church just as the Rev. Mr. Phillips began a sermon on 'The Evils of Liquor,' the rodent made an attack upon the party. Several ladies screamed lustily, which caused the rat to beat a re-

treat, and soon disappear within the shadows of Trinity. Shortly after he was seen to get into the Baptist yard. He remained but a short while, when he returned to Trinity, and vice versa. When there is service in but one church he remains somewhere about the edifice until it is over, never changing except to satisfy himself that there is no service in the other church.

In closing we might speak of the funny time they had recently in a little meeting-house in Plattsburg, Mo. A pig came running into the prayer meeting, and the sexton tried to drive him out, but could not. The people laughed more than if he had been a dog, and the meeting was finally closed, for the pig would run up one aisle and down another. And he finally ran up to the little pulpit, and this made even the minister laugh.

Recipe for Happiness.

Sydney Smith cut the following from a newspaper and preserved it for himself: 'When you rise in the morning, form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow-creature. It is easily done; a left-off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, and encouraging expression to the striving—trifles in themselves as light as air,—will do at least for the twenty-four hours. And, if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and, if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of time to eternity. By the most simple arithmetical sum, look at the result. If you send one person—only one—happily through each day, that is three hundred and sixty-five in the course of the year. And suppose you live forty years only after you commence that course of medicine, you have made 14,600 beings happy at all events for a time.'

Chimney Swallows and Swallows' Nests.

Had you ever the good fortune to happen upon a rendezvous of our own little chimney swallows on their arrival from the far countries where they have wintered? An eminent naturalist tells of a wonderful convention of from eight to nine thousand of these wee wanderers in a hollow sycamore tree in the State of Kentucky, early one spring, where they roosted for many nights before dispersing to the various parts of the country where they were accustomed to breed.

The tree was full seventy feet high and almost branchless; its base measured about eight feet in diameter, and a hollow stump of a branch forked out about forty feet up the stem, affording an entrance two feet wide to the interior of the tree. One evening he observed an unbroken stream of birds flying to the tree and disappearing into the cavity; they continued to pour themselves in till it was almost dark. Next morning he hurried to the spot long before dawn, and leaning his head against the trunk, heard the first rustle and peep of the awaking hosts inside. Suddenly came a crash which sent him bounding from the tree, believing that it was collapsing to its fall; but no, it stood firm as before, while a solid jet of birds spouted from the aperture, and, mounting heavenward like smoke, vanished in the twilight. Meanwhile an astounding roar issued from the hollow tree, so loud and continuous that it might have been compared to the roll of heavy artillery. For full thirty minutes the swallows continued to issue from their refuge, and in one minute more not a swallow was to be seen.

We all have heard of the swallow whose nest is edible, affording an industry which engages ninety thousand tons of Chinese shipping in its service, and yields a handsome revenue to the Chinese government. Of what material are these queer tidbits composed? Sea foam? Dessicated marine plants? Of nothing so tolerable, say the savants, but 'of the stronger remains of their food.' And their food? A largely varied assortment of such insects as hover over stagnant waters. Now when we consider that the genus swallow is gifted with a rarely liberal width of gape, and that these same insects are of tropical size and flavor, though we may admit the obvious fact that there must be a lavish residue of tough morsels better fitted for building nests than for the nourishment of such tiny birds, the question naturally arises, how can such coarse materials be transmitted into the dainty morsel which epicures love? But that is one of Mother Nature's secrets which we cannot unravel.

The islands of Java and Ceylon are noted habitants of this species of swallow. In the former island there are two Bird Mountains, isolated rocks, which are honeycombed with the caves in which the swallows build their nests; affixing them to the rugged walls in close regular rows to the height of perhaps fifty feet. The nests are collected every four months, after the young birds are fledged. The occupation is a perilous one, owing to the depth and darkness of some of the caverns and the primitive nature of the implements used; and many lives are lost annually, principally among the thieves who attempt to rob the caves at improper seasons.—Selected.

'I Can't But Jesus Can.'

There is a story of a litle boy's heroism in a storm which devastated the Sea Islands.

When the waves rose and swept across the islands and the water bursting open the house door, came rushing in bring boards, ducks, geese, snakes and rubbish, a mother tied her baby on her shoulder and lifted her boy of six in her arms. To her fourteen-year-old daughter she said:

'You must carry one child.'

'Which, mother?' said the girl.

The mother looked at the two, one of four years, one of two unable to choose which to leave. Here Ben, the boy of eleven, a little Christian, yet full of fun and frolic as a boy can well be, said:

'Ma, I'll take the little one.'

'No, my boy, you can't; you can't save yourself, let alone the child.'

'I know I can't,' answered Ben, 'but Christ can.'

'The water is too deep; it's up to our shoulders now,' said the despairing mother.

With a smile that gave her courage, the boy swung the little one upon his shoulder. 'It's deep for me, but Christ is a tall man; he must be.'

So they started. The anxious mother kept calling to her children through the roar of the wind and water. The daughter kept up with her, but very soon Ben ceased to answer.

When at length they reached the rising ground she met her brother trying to force his horse through the water to her aid. He took her to his home, but of Ben there was no trace.

When the tide went down next morning, and she sat grieving for her lost children, little Ben tramped into the house, saying, 'Didn't I tell you true mamma?' He put his charge into his mother's arms.

Surely, Christ had guided the child who had trusted him. Had he followed his mother he would have soon been beyond his depth and must have been drowned. But unconsciously he had turned aside and reached the land that formed the plantation boundary in old times. Upon this he walked, waist deep in water; a step or two on either side would have been fatal, but the child trod the narrow path in safety till he reached a house, where a man came down from the upper story and took the children in.—Selected.

Good Security.

'Mister, do you lend money here?' asked an earnest young voice at his office door.

The lawyer turned away from his desk, confronted a clear-eyed poorly dressed lad of twelve years, and studied him keenly for a minute. 'Sometimes we do—on good security,' he said, gravely.

The little fellow explained that he had a chance 'to buy out a boy that's cryin' papers.' He had half the money required, but he needed to borrow the other fifteen cents.

'What secutity can you offer?' asked the lawyer.

The boy's brown hand sought his pocket, and drew out a paper carefully folded in a bit of calico. It was a cheaply printed pledge against the use of intoxicating liquors and tobacco. As respectfully as if it had been the deed of a farm, the lawyer examined it, accepted it, and handed over the sum required.

A friend who had watched the transaction with silent amusement, laughed as the young borrower departed.

'You think I know nothing about him,' smiled the lawyer. 'I know that he came manfully in what he supposed to be a business way, and tried to negotiate a loan instead of begging the money, I know that he has been under good influences, or he would not have signed the pledge, and that he does not hold it lightly, or he would not have cared for it so carefully. I agree with him that one who keeps himself from such things has a character to offer as security.—Exchange.

'Keep Texts.'

These 'keep texts' are all in the Bible. Find them, and learn them, and so make them yours:

'Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.'

'Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.'

'Keep thee from a false matter.'

'He that keepeth his mouth keepeth his life.'

'Take heed to thyself, and keep thy soul diligently.'

'Little children, keep yourselves from idols.'

'My son, keep thy Father's commandments.'

'My son, keep sound wisdom and discretion.'
—Exchange.

Ten New Committees.

(Amos R. Wells, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

Ten new committees, vigorous and fine;
One was too ambitious, and then there were nine.

Nine new committees, zealous and elate;
One got offended, and then there were eight.

Eight new committees, laboring for heaven,
One got to shirking, and then there were seven.

Seven new committees, 'putting in best licks';
One found it tedious, and then there were six.

Six new committees, looking all alive;
One went to sleep, and then there were five.

Five new committees, keeping up their score;
One became 'too busy,' and then there were four.

Four new committees, bright as bright could be;
One became careless, and then there were three.

Three new committees, hunting things to do;
One thought it couldn't, and then there were two.

Two new committees, proud of good things done;
One grew 'so tired,' and then there was one.

One new committee, holding on for fun;
Fun got exhausted, and then there was—none.

Tongues and Ears.

No country in the world does more to entertain its children than Japan, says a successful young missionary who has been doing admirable work there. Even on the street corners stand men whose sole business it is to tell stories to little boys and girls.

One day I joined a group of little folks who were eagerly listening, and this is what I heard:—

'Once upon a time a peasant went to heaven, and the first thing he saw was a long shelf with something very strange looking upon it.

'"What is that?" he asked. "Is that something to make soup of?" (The Japanese are very fond of soup.)

'"No," was the reply; "these are ears. They belong to persons who, when they lived on earth, heard what they ought to do in order to be good, but they didn't pay any attention to it; so when they died their ears came to heaven, but the rest of their bodies could not."'

'After a while the peasant saw another shelf with queer things on it.

'"What is that?" he asked again. "Is that something to make soup of?'

'"No," he was told; "these are tongues. They once belonged to people in the world who told people how to live and how to do good, but they themselves never did as they told others to do; so when they died their tongues came to heaven, but the rest of their bodies could not."'

Wasn't that a good lesson for us all?—'Presbyterian Witness.'

Mission of Cut Glass Tumbler

(Helen A. Hawley, in the New York 'Observer.')

'Where would you hang it?' Eleanor Gibson sat with a plaster cast in her lap. It was the small, well formed head of an Egyptian girl, the eye softly dark, the coloring rich in mellow tints. It had just come as a birthday gift from her cousin, the one cousin whose parents were rich and could make pretty presents when they chose.

Marion Wetmore took the cast in her hands and feasted on its beauty. The two girls were dear friends, and even the decorations of their rooms must be considered together.

Marion rose, and reaching over the corner of a table, she placed the cast against the wall, under a picture. 'I think it would look well here,' she said.

As she spoke, a slight crash was heard, and she drew back alarmed.

'What have I done? Oh, dear, my sleeve caught your tumblers, and I've tipped one of them over. Don't tell me it's broken!'

Eleanor sprang forward to examine. 'There are just two or three nicks in the edge—they won't be noticed much. Never you mind!' She tried to make light of it for Marion's sake.

'But I do mind,' Marion persisted. The set had been Eleanor's last holiday present from the same cousin who sent the cast. It was a carafe for drinking water, with two tumblers, and all of fine cut glass. They stood on a little tray. Marion knew how much her friend prized them as dainty pieces for her room, though neither girl had any idea whatever of their value.

'I shall replace it,' she spoke firmly. 'That is only right, for 'twas my carelessness. I wonder where it could be matched?'

Eleanor hesitated. In truth, the nicks had spoiled the glass for her; she simply couldn't take pleasure in the marred set again.

As she hesitated, Marion continued, 'Don't say a word. Nothing else would satisfy me.'

'Well,' Eleanor slowly asented, 'if you will—I think you have to send to the glass works. Cousin Kate gave me the address and the numbers; the pieces are all numbered in case of breakage. I'll get the memorandum.'

Marion wrote down the address carefully, and the number of the glass.

'I'll send at once,' she promised, 'for I shall not feel quite happy until the set is perfect again. Those nicks would be an eyesore to me always, and I know they'd be the same to you.'

'I'm ever so sorry.'

'So am I, but I'm very glad it can be made right.'

Marion wrote to Corning that afternoon. Tell her mother? No, Mrs. Wetmore was only then picking up from a long siege of nervous prostration—soon to be well, the doctor said, but just now to be spared even small annoyances. And her father? What with the heavy doctor's bills, and the big drain on his purse for coal last winter, and business perplexities which threatened a mortgage on the home, father's face had too many lines in it already. No use in drawing the faintest extra one there by narrating her own little troubles.

'Two dollars in my purse,' she reflected. 'Fifty cents or so for the glass I fancy—that will leave enough for my gloves, and I can manage to wait for the ribbons.' She dismissed it from her thoughts gayly.

Four days later a letter was delivered bearing the stamp of the Corning Glass Works. She oponed it and read:

'Dear Madam—We send you to-day by express, C.O.D., 1 cut glass tumbler, No. 78 at $5.00.'

'Five dollars!' Marion was appalled. And 'C.O.D.' that meant fifty cents to cover express charges both ways, and no delivery unless the bill was paid on the spot. She had dimly supposed the glass would be sent by mail, with a few cents postage.

'I haven't five dollars in the world,' she exclaimed—and then suddenly she remembered a small purse put carefully away by itself, a deposit of sacred money—money set apart. Marion belonged to the Tenth Legion. Slowly the little hoard had accumulated. She hoped by the end of the year it would be five dollars, though that hope was largely a matter of faith. It seemed sacrilegious to count it now, but she forced herself to do it. There were three dollars and sixty-five cents. With her own two dollars added to this, she could pay for the coming package, and have fifteen cents to spare. It would scarcely be natural in a young girl, if no regretful thought went to the gloves and the ribbons, yet they mattered little now beside the question, 'Would it be right to use the Lord's money?'

Marion was a conscientious girl, but not morbid; she had a child's direct, healthy faith. It led her to resolve at once, 'I'll ask him.' In simple, earnest words she told our Father all about it, how ignorant she had been in assuming to replace the glass, why she couldn't burden her parents with it, and her immediate need of guidance—all the things which the loving Father knows already, but likes to be told when his children bow in prayer.

She rose from her knees, though still undecided.

'How I wish there was some direct rule in the Bible to govern such a case,' was her unspoken thought. And then the Holy Spirit did what it was promised he should do—he brought Jesus' own words to her remembrance. Why, she had read them in her morning reading only yesterday. With trembling eagerness she turned to the twelfth chapter of Matthew and scanned the first eight verses. Then to the Old Testament reference: 'So the priest gave him hallowed bread.' Surely here was a principle approved by Jesus, which would apply to her emergency. The cloud of indecision lifted. With a lighter heart she closed the Bible, murmuring, 'The first duty comes first. It is certainly right to pay this debt, and if the Lord wants the money for the more special uses of his cause, he is quite able to open some way for me to get it.' Tears were in her eyes however, as she put the little purse back in its nook with only fifteen cents inside it.

When the express messenger came, she was ready to pay the bill, and immediately she carried the glass to its mate.

'It matches exactly,' Eleanor cried delightedly, 'and now, Marion, the nicked one belongs to you, indeed it does.'

Marion hadn't thought of that, and at first she didn't want what would remind her of the sacrifice, but as she examined the cutting with more appreciative eyes, an idea came to her.

'I could use it for flowers,' she said.

'Yes, and the nicks wouldn't show if leaves drooped over the edge.'

Marion took the glass home with her, the first feeling of repulsion gone.

'You shall be my missionary tumbler,' she thought as she walked along. 'Maybe you'll do as much good here as the money would in the foreign field.' For Marion had a class in a mission school, and tried to keep some track of her pupils on week days. Always there are sick or infirm among the poor. Always they need some brightness from outside to fall among their shadows. Flowers were the bits of brightness which Marion could contribute, besides her own sunshiny presence. There was a plot full—her especial care—at the back of their house. This should be the tumbler's mission then—to carry flowers, gracefully arranged, to these lowly homes.

In the summer days which followed, it was a common sight to see this young girl passing along the streets to the tenement district, bearing in her hand a glass of exquisite cut, filled with flowers. She always placed it on some safe shelf, away from little meddling fingers, and the perfume filled many a stuffy room with pure fragrance. The people came to expect the 'Missionary Glass.' It was not exactly a reward of merit, but its presence was considered a distinct honor during the short stay of a day or two. It lifted the house into aristocratic companionship—for Marion had explained its beauties, and never uncovered its hidden flaws. Almost more than the blossoms, it inspired to decent living, since anybody might have flowers on occasion, but not everybody could have them in cut glass!

Meanwhile the little sacred hoard increased a few cents at a time, but these few cents only stood for the present tenth, they by no means replaced the borrowed amount. There was a haunting pain at Marion's heart on account of this, and never a day passed but she spoke to the Father about it.

Her walk to the tenements led her by some fine places, owned by rich people. One morning as she went on the way, carrying flowers of unusual beauty, a maid ran out from one of these handsome houses, and called to her.

'Miss,' she said, 'could you spare the time to come in a minute? Mrs. Huntington wants to speak to you. She can't get out very well.'

'Certainly,' Marion answered, as she went up the steps, greatly surprised. She was at once shown into a room where a sweet-faced woman sat.

'Pardon me, my dear,' a gracious voice said, 'it is difficult for me to rise.' She held out her left hand. 'My right side is helpless.'

Marion's face was pitiful, her sympathies were quick. With real courtesy, the lady went straight to the point.

'I have seen you pass many times carrying that glass full of blossoms. You have a most graceful knack at flowers. They respond to your touch, I know, as only genuine flower lovers do. Before this stroke came, it was my delight every day to cut them fresh from the grounds or the conservatory, and fill my rooms with their beauty. Now you see, it is impossible,' she glanced at her powerless right hand. 'Could you, would you, come to me an hour or so each day, and be hands for me in this lovely task? I have never seen any one I should better like to trust it with. I would be glad to pay you three dollars a week,' she spoke with some hesitation, as if fearful of offending, 'or more,' she added.

'Three dollars a week!' Marion's eyes filled with happy tears. 'Indeed, Mrs. Huntington, it will be a delight to do it, but I fear—I fear you offer me too much.'

'Not a bit. Not a bit. I am a selfish woman, for I am to have the sunshine of your face thrown in.' The low voice trembled. 'You can hardly comprehend what that means to one shut in as I am.' Mrs. Huntington's left hand drew the girl down, until she could kiss her cheek. 'I know who your father is, my dear, and that you come of good blood. I foresee we shall be great friends.'

It was a glorified earth Marion walked that day. The dear consciousness of answered prayer was hers. The power to make good that borrowed tenth, and to lay by a greater store, had come, because the Lord had prospered her. It was as real as any fact of life—why not?

Eleanor rejoiced in her friend's good fortune, without knowing its inner meaning. That was between Marion and Our Father.

At the next Endeavor meeting, Marion repeated this text: 'The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him; and he will show them his covenant'—a covenant of wisdom ready at the moment of need, of increase to those who scatter, of unlimited resources, of answer to prayer. She was but a beginner in learning the lesson which has a personal, especial meaning to each believer. It takes a life time to learn it all—this dear lesson of the secret and the covenant.

Envy is only a malignant, selfish hunger, casting its evil eye on the elevation or supposed happiness of others. The bitterness of it is not simply that it really wants what others have, but that the soul, gnawed by a deep spiritual hunger which it thinks not of, is so profoundly embittered that every kind of good it looks upon rasps it with a feeling of torment, and rouses a degree of impatience and ill nature, out of all terms of reason. How many human souls are gnawed through and through, all their lives long, by this devilish hunger, envy?—H. Bushnell.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is March, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

LITTLE FOLKS

Tibbie and Tittums.

Old Tibbie was the best of cats,
  She worked so hard all day,
And caught so many mice and rats
  Whilst Tittums was at play.

For Tittums was the baby dear,
  And petted much, you know;
And always wore, where'er she went,
  A bright blue ribbon bow.

And Tittums thought the bright blue bow
  Wast just to tell the rest,
That of all pussies in the house
  They loved herself the best.

Until one day she heard them say,
  'You laziest of cats,
What should we do if dear old Tib
  Refused to catch the rats?'
—Floss Grey, in 'Our Little Dots.'

Old Jack, One of Our Pets.

Jack was the old donkey; how old none knew, but, judging by his extreme cleverness, he must have been very ancient if knowledge comes with years. There was not a gate or door but what he would contrive to open, not a latch but what he could unfasten; and we had to resort to all sorts of contrivances to keep him out of forbidden places.

One morning early I went out to water the flowers, feed the poultry, &c., when on passing through the stable-yard I caught sight of old Jack standing by the coach-house door, pretending to be sound asleep —so very sound that he was absolutely leaning against the door. He looked such a perfect picture of an innocent, respectable donkey, that my mind misgave me; it was so very innocent that it was unnatural, especially for him. I hurried to my garden, and then what a sight met my eyes! Scarce an inch of the garden but had been trampled on, flower and vegetable beds alike; the turf cut up as if he had danced on it, which I really believe he had, my flowers eaten and pulled up by the roots; and the vegetables—there was not a cabbage, cauliflower, beetroot, onion, or hardly one single thing but what he had tasted, and not with dainty nibbles either, but huge bites, so that what he did not entirely finish he spoilt.

I did not know where to begin to repair the mischief, and we scarcely knew whether to laugh or to cry; I am afraid I did a little of both. But we punished old Jack by withholding his daily treat of a carrot for some days.—'Sunday Reading.'

Nothing To Give.

'I've nothing to give,' said Lina Noyes, sorrowfully, as she walked home with her brother from church. 'I wish almost that I had not heard that sermon about the sick children, for I want to help them, and I can't.'

'Why can't you?' asked Alfred, kindly.

'Oh, you know,' said Lina; 'I never have any money. I know,' she added quickly, 'that it is no one's fault, for all Father's money is spent on us; and it takes a great deal to buy my good, warm clothes.'

'Yes,' said Arthur, 'and they paid a lot for my premium this year; and for nine months more I shall earn nothing.'

'Well, then,' sighed Lina, 'we can't give anything—can we?'

Alfred thought a minute. 'Mr. Ellis said those who had not money might give time.'

'Yes, but what could we do with our time? If we were near the hospital we might go and nurse the children, but here in this village——'

Alfred smiled. 'I don't think they would let a little girl of eight years old act as nurse in a hospital ward; but I tell you what we might do: we might make some toys.'

'But do sick children want toys?' asked Lina.

'Of course they do! You have never been ill, you fat little Lina, and I suppose you think that sick people lie in bed groaning and taking medicine all day. But I once went over a children's ward, and nearly all of them, except one or two, were able to look at or even play with toys.'

'Well, then,' said Lina, brightening a little, 'what shall we make? I can make a rag ball.'

'You can dress a doll, can't you?' said Alfred.

'Yes, but I haven't one,' said Lina.

'I'll make one,' said Alfred, stoutly; 'a beauty, that won't break if it does tumble off a bed twenty times a-day.'

'Will you, Alfred? Oh, that will be grand! A doll would be something worth sending.'

Alfred was as good as his word. He got a piece of wood, and really fashioned a most fascinating dolly, whilst Lina watched him with breathless interest.

'It's much nicer than any shop doll,' she said. 'it's so good and strong.' And, really, when the doll was dressed by Lina in a neat little baby's cap, and a long white nightgown it did look very nice, the sort of baby any little invalid would like to nurse.

And thus Lina learnt that those who wish to give will find a way; and in after-life—a life of hard work, and little of this world's goods — she nevertheless found numberless ways of helping her poorer neighbors.—'Sunday Reading.'

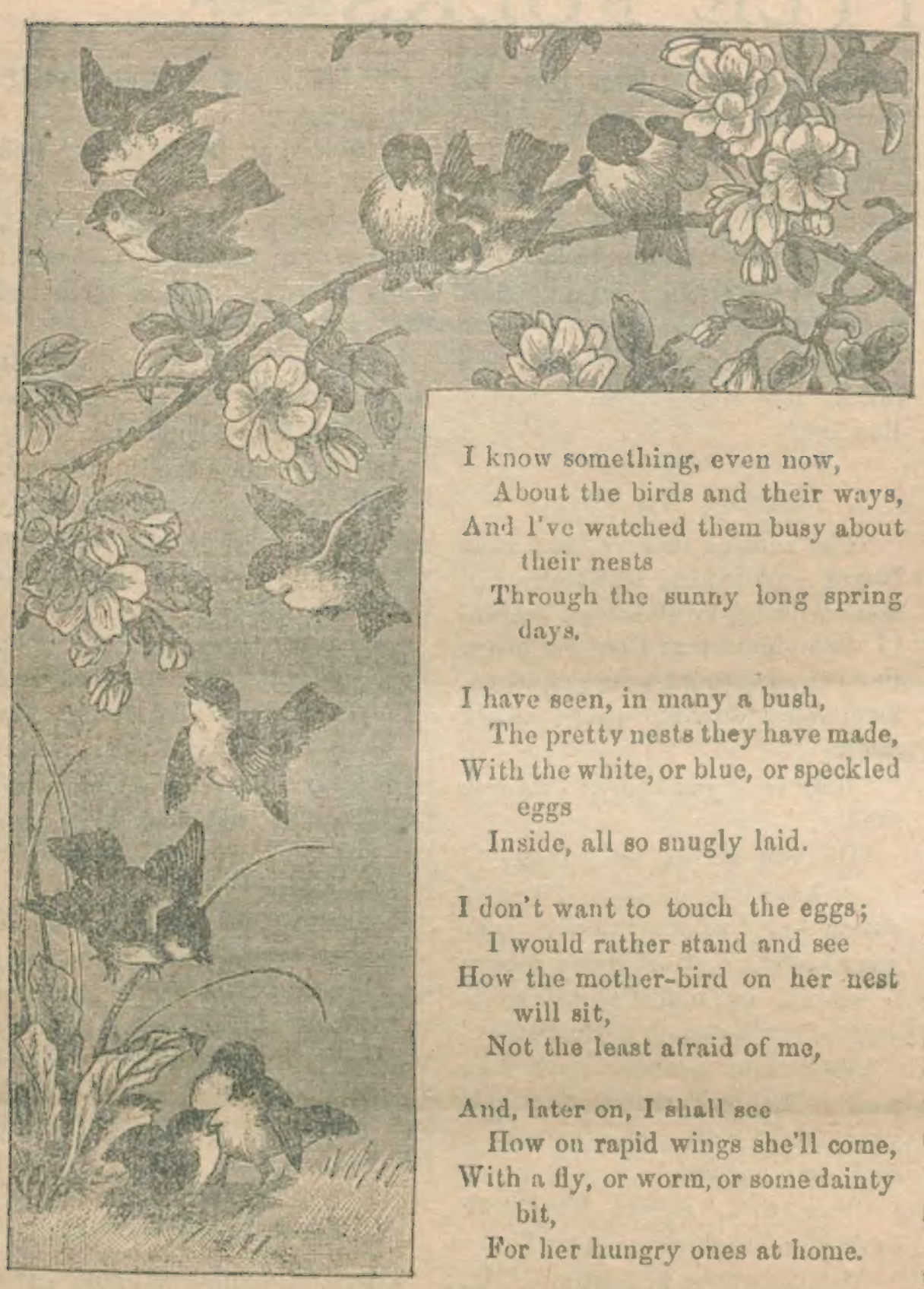
A Proud Frost Princess.

There was once a proud little Icicle who stood all alone out in the cold. She wore a dress that sparkled like diamonds, but for all that, no one cared to go near her. The Snowflakes were having a game of tag in the sky. Nearer and nearer the earth they played until some of them espied Miss Icicle.

'Do come and play with us!' they cried.

But the proud Icicle shook her head. 'No,' she said, 'you are entirely too common to play with me. I am a princess.'

'I'll show the world what you are, you silly thing!' called Grandfather Sun from his cloud chariot. So he sent some of his children, the Sunbeams, to breathe their hot breath on Miss Icicle's head. This made her feel so sick that she wept great tears. The more she wept the thinner she grew, till at last a tiny pool of water was all that was left.—'Belfast Witness.'



Birds.

(As told by a little Boy to his Mother.)

When I am older I'll learn
  The name of each bird that sings,
And what it feeds on, and where
  it builds,
  And oh, a number of things!

I know something, even now,
  About the birds and their ways,
And I've watched them busy about
  their nests
  Through the sunny long spring
  days.

I have seen, in many a bush,
  The pretty nests they have made,
With the white, or blue, or speckled
  eggs
  Inside, all so snugly laid.

I don't want to touch the eggs;
  I would rather stand and see
How the mother-bird on her nest
  will sit,
  Not the least afraid of me,

And, later on, I shall see
  How on rapid wings she'll come,
With a fly, or worm, or some dainty
  bit,
  For her hungry ones at home.

I would never take their lives,
  The pretty fluttering things;
The summer through I shall like
  to watch
  The flight of their swift strong
  wings.

—I. P., in 'Sunday Reading.'

I-Told-You-So.

Once upon a time there lived an old woman who had two daughters. One was a very ugly little girl, with cross eyes and a very mean-looking face. Her name was I-told-you-so. Her sister was a most beautiful little maiden, with long golden curls, blue eyes and the loveliest little face in the world. Her name was Never-mind. Now I-told-you-so was always quarreling with Never-mind and calling her ugly names. She would even pull her golden curls, and often made her cry. But Never-mind was a patient and forgiving creature, and bore her sufferings without a word. Strange to say, these two sisters were nearly everywhere, especially I-told-you-so, who seemed to make it her business to be at all places at all times. No sooner did a little boy stub his toe and begin to whimper, than ugly I-told-you-so would be sure to be there and make faces at him and tease him. But very often pretty Never-mind would arrive, and the whole scene would change, for little Never-mind would pat him on the back and encourage him, and soon his fears would give way to smiles, and all would go well again. If a little girl's mother told her not to go near the brook, lest she should fall in, and that little girl should disobey her mother and fall in anyway, sure and certain that meant I-told-you-so would be on hand to tease and torment the little girl until her poor heart was nearly broken. I-told-you-so was much more active than her sister, and could get to a place much quicker.

Now, the strangest thing of all was that these two sisters, or neither one, would come just as soon as you called their names. No matter where you happened to be, or at what hour, all you had to do was to call them and they would come. If you were told not to play with a knife or you would cut yourself, and you persisted in cutting yourself, your mother or sister or brother would at once say, 'I told you so,' and lo and behold! ugly I-told-you-so would be there in an instant to make you feel bad. Then after a moment, perhaps, mother would say, 'There, never mind,' and sure enough, the golden-haired little maiden would come up, all smiles and sympathy, and the wound would be bound up and the pain gone as if by magic.

The truth of the matter is, these two sisters are still living, and can be found whenever you want them.

If a friend of yours is in trouble and you happen to be near, you need only to call up to one of them, and she will come at once. You can call ugly I-told-you-so to tease and torment him, or you can call sweet, pretty, comforting Never-mind to soothe and encourage him and drive away his pain and care.

Now, my young friends, which of these two sisters are you going to call upon when you see a friend or a brother or a sister in pain or trouble?—I. W., in 'Philadelphia Ledger.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School.

Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Correspondence

P., Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have not seen any letters from P. yet, I thought I would send one. We get the 'Northern Messenger' at Sunday School, and have taken it, father says, before I could remember. It is a fine paper. I like reading the Correspondence and Little Folks' pages, and also looking at the good drawings. The little folks are really good at drawing ships, swans, churches, horses, etc. I have one sister, and we both go to school every day. I am in the entrance class and have a fine teacher. My birthday is October 11th, when professor wind plays his band.

We have one pet, a canary, whose name is Dickie. We used to have a dog until last year, twelve years old, and he would play hide-and-go-seek. We would put him in the wood-shed and partly shut the door, and run and hide, then call him, and he would come to a consolidated school. We have large vans that take the children to and from school. I am in the second book. We take up ten studies. There are only 200 pupils at our school.

LOUISE C.

P. A., Sask.

Dear Editor,—I go to Sunday School, and get the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. I like to read the Correspondence page. I skate every day, and like it very much. I dressed for the Carnival, but did not take a prize.

The names of the books I have read are: 'Black Beauty,' 'The Brownie,' and 'Helen's Babies,' 'Robinson Crusoe.'

NORA A. DAVIS.

E., N.D.

Dear Editor,—The Superintendent was in to see the school to-day. I read the story of 'Rasmus, or the making of a man.'

My birthday is on Feb. 12. I am eleven

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Fox in the farmyard.' James Calder (12), S. Ont.
2. 'Boat.' Narris Harries, S. C.
3. 'My peacock.' Annie E. Winger (13), S., Ont.
4. 'Kept in.' Charlie Winger (10), S., Ont.
5. 'Ducks in pond.' Eric McBain (9), A., Ont.
6. 'The wolf at granny's door.' Mary E. Shane, R., Sask.
7. 'Stag.' Morley Buck (12), F., Ont.
8. 'Spinning wheel.' Nettie Young (14), P. D., Que.
9. 'Learning to walk.' Myra Winger (11), S., Ont.

and find us. We lived on a fifty acre farm then, but we moved above the bank, so father gave Major (that was his name) to a farmer, as we had no place to keep him.

I am sending some puzzles.

1. Why are A, E. and U, the handsomest of the vowels?
2. What can run but cannot walk?
3. What has a tongue but cannot talk?

E. DONALDSON.

L. L., Que.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I am a little girl ten years old. I go to school every day, and I am in the second Primary of the L. Academy. I see Verna has asked where girl is mentioned in the Bible. It is found in Joel iii., and 3rd verse. Edna Cohoon asks for the middle chapter in the Old Testament. It is the twenty-ninth chapter of Job. I enjoy reading the letters to the 'Messenger' very much.

ETHEL J. GLENDINNING.

K.

Dear Editor,—One morning my sister was driving me to school and I froze my cheek.

I am ten years old, my birthday is on the 29th of October. I am very fond of reading. Some of my favorite books are 'Daddy's Girl,' 'Jack the Conqueror,' 'Alice in Wonderland,' 'Wee MacGregor,' 'Two little Finns,' 'Laddie,' 'Miss Tossey's Mission.' I will close with a riddle. Which is the bigger, and why—Mrs. Bigger or baby Bigger?

JESSIE ROBB.

G., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years old. I live at the end of a large boys' college. On the other side of us is a large girls' college, given to the government by Sir William Macdonald. I go years old. That is Abraham Lincoln's birthday. We had a Christmas tree here. I got a doll and a paper sent to me for a whole year.

I saw some riddles in two of the letters, but I can only answer one of them. There are three pigs.

MAGGIE B. McCURDY.

W., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I will send a riddle. What is big at the bottom, little at the top, thing in the middle goes wibetywop.

I hope some one will answer my riddle.

EVA M. NICHOLS.

M., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I like the 'Messenger' very much. We have taken it about nine years. We live on a farm. I have five brothers and one sister, making seven altogether. I have one brother younger than myself. I go to school every day, and am in the fourth reader. We have a new teacher. I saw that Verna wrote a letter to the 'Messenger' asking where the word 'girl' is used in the Bible; it is used in Zechariah, 8th chapter and 5th verse. Who can tell me what Psalm in the Bible has only two verses?

JOSEPH W. T. (10).

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to school and am in the fourth reader. We have a nice teacher, her name is Miss A., but I would rather stay home and sew. I do not care for reading, and have not read many books. I will try to answer a few puzzles. Z. L. Foster asked how many words there are in the Bible. The answer is 773,692 words. Now, I ask how many letters there are in the Bible? I will give the answer to Samson's riddle in Dec. 22 'Messenger.' 'What is sweeter than honey and stronger than a lion? (Judges xiv., 18). Mona Johnson asks why is K like a pig's tail. Because it is at the end of pork.

ANNIE WINGER.

G., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have a dog, his name is Driver. My brother and I hitch him up to the hand-sleigh. I saw on Z. L. Foster's letter the question, how many words are there in the Bible. There are seven hundred and seventy-five thousand six hundred and ninety-three. I will send in a question—how many letters are there in the Bible?

WILLIE J. W. (12)

W., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I will be nine years of age this month. I go to school, and have not missed since school started in January. I came first in the honor roll. I have lots of pigeons. My father keeps fancy poultry. The answer to Verna's question, 'Where is the word "girl" found in the Bible?' is Joel iii., 3. The answer to Edna Cohoon's 'What is the middle chapter in the Old Testament,' is Job xxii.

L. F.

L. I.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for quite a few years. I have two brothers and no sisters. My brothers names are Wilson and Robbie. I have read quite a number of books, the names of some are: 'Christes, the King's Servant,' 'Harry Burne,' 'See for yourself,' 'Black Rock,' 'Agnes Avery,' 'Ten nights in a Barroom.'

JENNIE WARCUP.

C. N., C.B.

Dear Editor,—There was a riddle in the last 'Messenger,' what word if one letter is deducted from it will make you sick. I think the answer is stick. I am going to send some.

Comes once in every minute, twice in every moment, not once in seven years?

A man without eyes saw apples on a tree; he took no apples off and he left no apples on?

WILLIE McDONALD (age 10).

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Seeing the Bible arithmetic question which appeared in the 'Northern Messenger' some time ago, I thought I would try to answer it. The question was: A teacher being asked how many scholars were in his Sabbath school, replied: If you multiply the number of Jacob's sons by the number of times the Israelites compassed Jericho on the seventh day, and add to the product the number of measures of barley Boaz gave Ruth; divide this by the number of Haman's sons; subtract the number of unclean beasts that went into the Ark; multiply by the number of men that went to seek Elijah after he was taken to Heaven; subtract from this Joseph's age at the time he stood before Pharoah; divide by the number of stones David selected to kill Goliath; subtract the number of furlongs Bethany was distant from Jerusalem; multiply by the number of anchors cast out at the time of Paul's shipwreck; and subtract the number of people saved in the Ask, the remainder will be the number of scholars in the school.

My answer: Sons of Jacob 12 (Gen. xxix and xxx), multiply by (number of times Jericho compassed on the seventh day), 7 (Jos. vi., 4); equals 84 plus (number of measures of barley) 6 (Ruth iii., 15), equals 90, divide by (Haman's sons) 10 (Esther ix., 10), equals 9, minus (number of unclean beasts) 2 (Gen. iii., 2), equals 7, multiply by (number of men who went to seek Elijah) 50, (II. Kings ii., 17) equals 350 minus (Joseph's age) 30(Gen. xii., 46) equals 320 divide by (number of stones David took) 5 (I. Sam. xvii., 40) equals 64 minus (furlongs from Bethany) 15 (John xi., 18) equals 49, multiply by (number of anchors) 4 (Acts xxvii., 29), equals 196, minus (people saved in the Ark), 8 (Gen. vii., 13) equals 188, number of scholars in the Sabbath school. I would like the correspondent who sent the problem to give the correct answer. I am a little reader of the 'Messenger,' and like it very much.

ANNIE BURROWS.

MARCH 25, 1906.—LESSON XII.

A Temperance Lesson.

Proverbs xxiii., 29-35.

Golden Text.

At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.—Prov. xxiii., 32.

Home Readings.

Monday, March 19.—Prov. xxiii., 29-35.
Tuesday, March 20.—I. Cor. xiii., 1-13.
Wednesday, March 21.—Is. v., 11-23.
Thursday, March 22.—Is. xxviii., 1-13.
Friday, March 23.—I. Cor. vi., 9-20.
Saturday, March 24.—Hab. ii., 12-20.
Sunday, March 25.—Eph. v., 11-21.

By Davis W. Clark.

Israel's poet king and prodigy of wisdom set himself to the task of painting the drunkard's portrait. It is a faithful likeness, and horrid because faithful. The royal artist persists in his undertaking, though his canvas grows lurid and frightful under each successive stroke of the pencil. His picture has proved a veritable danger signal, flashing its warning color upon successive generations for three thousand years. Its red light has proved a powerful deterrent to multitudes. Nowhere in literature is the woe, the sorrow, the folly, the fate of the drunkard so powerfully depicted. . . . That such a picture could be painted thirty centuries ago, sufficiently proves the antiquity of the vice. Drunkenness is no modern sin or mere accident of our civilization. It is as old as Noah and older. Intoxicating liquors undoubtedly inflamed the race before the flood and led on to that nameless depravity which had to be drowned out in that awful judgment. And each succeeding generation has suffered the crushing weight of this dreadful woe; each has been burned, bitten and poisoned by this vice; from each has burst the sorrowful and despairing interjections: 'O!' 'Alas!' . . . . Old as it is, Solomon's picture is the verisimilitude of the drunkard of to-day. Three thousand years have not sufficed to change the causes or effects of intemperance. Study the successive strokes of this masterful delineation. . . . Those who tarry at wine, by the increase of the powerful and subtle appetite are compelled to seek stronger potations (mixed wine). The gradation from light wine to red wine, and the highly alcoholized wine, with its eyes or beads, is inevitable. Then follow the facial signs of inebriety (redness of eyes); next quarrelsomeness, causeless wounds, and the inflaming of sexual passion. Finally, incipient dementia, which makes the drunkard oblivious to personal danger and to indignities visited upon him by hooting mob or officer of law—a dementia in which, however, the appetite persistently asserts itself, the worm dieth not, the fire is not quenched. All is forgotten, all is lost; but among the debris of mind, heart and manhood, the conqueror stalks, 'And careth naught for the awful ruin he hath wrought.' . . . This is no pleasing fancy sketch of genius, nor happy aesthetical study; but it deserves the close, respectful attention of every one who loves himself and his neighbor. No Christian can push this picture aside unless his Bible permits him to say, 'I am not my brother's keeper.' No truly philanthropic spirit, Christian or not, can turn with indifferent coolness from this inspired canvas. It pictures the all-embracing 'woe' making its piteous appeal to everyone who professes to love his species. And if neither Christianity nor philanthropy is sufficient, from sheer self-interest the citizen must sooner or later give attention to this mirror which Solomon holds up before our time. Individuals in their collective or governmental capacity, must take stand against a traffic which produces deteriorated manhood, insanity, pauperism, crime and death.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

This book of kingly authorship will never lose its charm. Jesus tells us how the wisdom of its author attracted the Queen of Ethiopia. Aristotle is thought to have reproduced Solomon and Aesop to have imitated the eldest of fablers. The Book of Proverbs is the 'sanctification of common sense,' and 'the philosophy of practical life.' Its aphorisms show the wisdom of goodness and the folly of sin. . . . The Old Testament is not old. It is virile in its application to current life. The Book of Proverbs illustrates this. Its pithy periods stick in memory like arrows in a target. . . . The book is splendidly broad—as a rule it deals with general principles. For example, the intemperance against which it animadverts is not only the unrestrained use of intoxicating liquors, but ambition, pride, gluttony, and sexual indulgence. . . . True, Solomon throws more darts at intemperance in drink than in other vices. The best temperance tract could be made of these aphorisms, without note or comment. They picture the costliness, shamefulness, uselessness and deadliness of intemperance in a manner unurpassed. . . . The glory of the Bible is that it does not merely animadvert, it presents the antidote. It goes to the root of the matter in this instance when it says that wisdom in the heart is the safeguard against all temptation. A wise heart! Religion roots in the affection. He who loves rectitude is least liable to deflect from the right line.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, March 25.—Topic—Bountiful sowing: our gifts to Christ's cause. Luke vi., 38; II. Cor. ix., 1-15. (A missionary topic.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

Monday, March 19.—The drunkard's reward. Prov. xxiii., 21.

Tuesday, March 20.—Who hath woe? Prov. xxiii., 29, 30.

Wednesday, March 24.—Like a serpent. Prov. xxiii., 31, 32.

Thursday, March 22.—It leads astray. Isa. xxviii., 7.

Friday, March 23.—It leads away from God. Isa. v., 11, 12.

Saturday, March 24.—Avoid those who drink.—Prov. xxiii., 20.

Sunday, March 25.—Topic—What the Bible says about strong drink. Prov. xx., 1.

The Scotchman's Silenced Lawyer.

A True Story.

A Scotchman who has a difficult field in Indian Territory said: 'One day I was travelling with a lawyer from Pittsburg. He was a pessimist. Nothing seemed to please him. So, whenever I saw a rock or a stump in the road, I tried to bump it hard, hoping to get the dark thoughts out of him, but I did not succeed.

'"What is the use of scattering literature as you are doing, and organizing Sunday schools which will die the moment you leave?" he growled.

'I did not need to answer, for just then we came across a little girl who was carrying two heavy buckets of water from the forest spring to her dugout home. I had been in the house some time before, and had left papers and cards. When she saw me, she set her pails down hastily,—so hastily that they tipped over and all the water was spilled. The lawyer thought of the hard climb from the spring, and said, "Too bad!" But the bonny lass only laughed.

'"No, not too bad!" she said. "I'm so glad to get the cards and papers, I do not worry about a little thing like the water. I can carry more. We had no Bible before he came and no Sunday school. No, not too bad;"'

'The lawyer was silent, and I never heard him utter another complaint, or say a further word against literature distribution. He went back to Pennsylvania. His brother writes me that he is a different man.'—'Sunday School Times.'

A Few 'Pointers' for Holding Young Men.

Given a class of a dozen young men,— a farmer or two, two or three business men, mechanics, etc. All are accustomed to using their brains about their daily occupations, but never having seen much occasion for real thought over a Sunday school lesson as usually taught, are quite unaccustomed to putting their minds upon it with any genuine interest. Have you ever tried to arouse them to thought and study by enthusiasm of speech and manner, by new ways of putting the old truths, by constant suggestion and inquiry?

With the present lessons, for instance, give the general plan, as an architect sees complete before him a whole building before the first brick is laid.

Very old to the teacher may be the facts that Luke, being a physician, describes therefore with special knowledge all sickness; that Matthew, dealing in money, notes with accuracy in his record any financial items; that John puts in all the little tender touches; and that Mark is the man of action,—but by the average Sunday school scholar, careless and uninterested, none of these things have been noted. If now brought up with each change of lesson, the personality of each writer will add interest to his record, and make a new line of thought for the student.

Again, let each Bible character who appears in the lessons be brought out clear and strong. But this can never be done by the teacher who waits until Saturday night to begin the study of the lesson, and who, in a lifeless manner, goes through the questions in the lesson-help, satisfied with answers that require no thought. Arouse the chagrin of the young men at their own lack of Bible knowledge, and show the wonderful possibilities and suggestions for research within the few verses of the prescribed lesson.

Try again the plan of giving out beforehand questions to be looked up, suiting each to the capacity of the man to whom it is given. Ask the farmer to apply the agricultural figures and references to outdoor life, of which there are many. Let the carpenter explain the probable sorts of work which occupied Christ's private life. Interest the man who has books in contemporaneous Roman history and government as it bore upon Jewish life. He who has neither library nor imagination can at least look up intervening events between lessons. Use constant variety in your lesson plan and in your questions. Put a question a dozen different ways if the answer is worth getting at. Steadily review the new knowledge gained, and let there be pleasant competition as to who remembers most.

Encourage the freest expression on the part of the class, having special patience for those who are slow of thought and speech. If this leaves small time for talk on the teacher's part, so much the better. To stimulate thought and keep the discussion in profitable channels is both more difficult and more desirable than to fire at the class a succession of facts, which are retained not so long as it takes to tell them.

Of course this sort of teaching needs, first, love of study, as much concentration of mind as one would bring to the obscurities of Browning, or the consideration of Trusts; and second, it requires love of teaching, genuine, steadfast enthusiasm, such as is not easily produced by the teacher who frankly admits she 'doesn't like to teach.' To such there should be inspiration in the thought that not even the minister in the pulpit has so great an opportunity. He preaches often at random, not being well enough acquainted generally with the soul-needs of his people to enter into their difficulties. But the Sunday school class with its smaller circle and greater freedom gives the privilege of close touch and hand-to-hand work.

Finally, it needs love for the young men, not merely the wish to 'hold them in the Sunday school,' but a great desire to awaken in them the divine spark and fan it into a glowing fire as mind and soul expand in the growing life.

In short, fellow-teachers, let us try brains, our own and those of our pupils, and be possessed and constrained by the Love which many waters cannot quench, neither floods drown.—'Sunday School Times.'

The Mysterious Way.

'Oh, Mary, can it be possible I have brought you to this?' and the strong man, bowed with agony, buried his face in his hands and wept bitterly.

The weak, sensitive woman, who had fainted when sentence had been pronounced, was all self-possession. With her two-year old in her arms, she walked across the jail cell to where her husband lay moaning.

'John, dear John, you must bear up bravely. For my sake, and for the sake of little Dan, you will, won't you? What matter what the world thinks? I believe, yes, I now, John, you are innocent of this crime.'

But the grief of the condemned man was too deep to be easily removed.

'Oh, my darling boy—must he grow up to the knowledge that his father is a convict?' Again he broke into sobs.

'John, my dearest, you must not think of it in that way. God's choicest blessings are often hidden in deep disguise. Something tells me that our son will grow up to the knowledge that his father has been a terribly wronged man. It is the curse of drink that has been the cause of all our trouble. When free from it you have ever been noble, and kind, and true. You have tried hard with your own manly strength to break off; still harder for my sake, and for the sake of our little Dan. I rejoiced for a time to think that you would succeed. John, you have surely learned that of yourself you are perfectly powerless against this mortal foe. His chains have long been tightening about you with unrelenting grasp. But there is a remedy; now you won't, will you? You must place yourself entirely in the hands of the All-Father, and every moment of your life trust in His keeping.'

There was a short prayer-meeting in the cell that afternoon—a few moments that were the turning point in a life that had hitherto been stamped with failure. Never did man more fully realize his own weakness, nor more intensely long for that help which was so sorely needed.

On his knees, in little Dan's loving embrace, he prayed—he yielded himself up fully—and he rose a new man, conscious of a new power that would bear him over all difficulties.

But the parting was hard, perhaps doubly so, because of little Dan's 'Papa, tum home! Papa, tum home wiz mamma and 'ittle Dan!' These were the last words that John could hear.

John Wharton had started life with brighter prospects than most men. It was not generally known that before his marriage he was so fond of the social glass, or that among his companions were some whose habits were extremely questionable. He was a good deal of a favorite among the young people, and as such had been the leading spirit in many fashionable parties where wine and cards took prominent part. More than one girl in Toronto had seen with envious eye many from the country town, be bright handsome, cultured and accomplished, but a little too devout to take well with the better classes of society.'

Their home life had gone well and Dan's devotion to his wife soon came to be the envy of the whole circle of their friends. But the world and its fashions soon claimed their share of attention, and many a time the wife's heart ached as she saw the old story. The old habit had, however, been temporarily quelled in the home and heart. He had attended one meeting to hold himself in check, and of course succeeded.

It is true the evidence that was brought against him was mostly circumstantial. He had been drinking more or less for several days. He had been seen in company with the man who had been robbed. Several times he had been seen in consultation with a couple of suspicious characters, but it was shown at the trial that these had left the town the day before the robbery. Money had been found on his person for which he could give no account. Lastly, a gold watch-chain, belonging to the robbed, was found in his possession. A very strong case was made out against him. The judge's charge had settled the whole matter. The jury brought in the verdict 'Guilty.'

A good deal of sympathy had been expressed for John, who, ever genial and kind-hearted, had made many so-called friends. 'His worst fault,' said a former companion, 'was that he would drink too much, and when he was half-drunk he was ready for anything.'

Perhaps the sympathy shown to the wife and child was more genuine—but such is the world, other thoughts, the rush and hurry of life soon make us forget the sorrows of the down-trodden.

That afternoon, as Mrs. Wharton passed slowly along the city street towards the station, she was conscious, that, bitter as was this latest sorrow, a new hope, bright and clear, was springing forth. Sorrow and joy seemed strangely intermingled. Her husband's conversion had become the intense longing of her life, but with all her gentleness, zeal and tact, until to-day every effort had failed.

Little Dan's pleadings for his father had become so strong that he had at last burst into a fit of crying, and she was forced to take him in her arms to soothe away his childish sorrow.

As she walked on she thought of the future. It would be a hard struggle to support herself and the little one, but face to face with the problem she simply planned, she did not worry.

Passing a bookstore just then, the thought occurred to her that John had no Bible. She at once went in, made the purchase, and was soon hurrying back towards the jail. She still hoped to reach the station in time for the train.

'Will papa tum home wiz us, mamma? Will papa tum home wiz up dis time?' This new hope in going back taxed his childish eloquence to the utmost.

A couple of ragged newsboys stood near as she hurried past. But ragged though they were, little Dan's pleadings touched their boyish hearts.

'D'yer know who that woman is, Bill?' said the smaller of the two.

'No; do you? The youngster's in a bad way fer his dad, ain't he?'

'She's the wife o' that feller't robbed the man three weeks ago. He was sent down fer six years this afternoon. I heerd most o' the trial myself'

'What! Six years? Why, the feller never—I—I—was sure he'd git clear.'

The younger noticed the hesitation as well as the unusual earnestness, and at once asked:

'Why, how'd you know anything about it, Bill? I tell yer the jedge was more'n hard on 'im. But it was kinder tough to hear his wife and young 'un cry.'

Bill's sympathy had been aroused. His secret had troubled him greatly, but he had kept clear of the trial, for he did not want to speak out—he was afraid. Now his heart had been touched by the sad-faced woman and her crying child. A homeless, friendless orphan, he remembered all too many of his own childish sorrows. His heart ached for the child.

'Let's walk down this way, Bob, and I'll tell you somethin' if ye'll promise never to tell.'

The promise was made, and the two walked slowly down a quiet street engaged in very earnest conversation.

The Bible was handed to the jailor, and it was rather late when mother and child were home in their little cottage in Donville. The greatest effort was required in getting Dan to forget his troubles. The day had been a heavy strain, but the mother's strong faith in God had helped to bear her up bravely. No wonder, though, when Dan was laid to sleep, that she broke down and sobbed bitterly. With her music and some sewing she could keep the wolf from the door, but Dan was not a strong child, and much of the care and attention that he so much needed would have to be sacrificed in the daily struggle for bread.

The thought came to her that the cloud which hung so heavily over their home had but one cause—the evil of strong drink. With the thought her courage came back. She was only a weak woman but God would give her great power against this cruel destroyer of the home. Earnestly she prayed that herself, her child, her husband, might become a mighty force in helping to vanish this terrible evil.

The days came and went, but Dan's grief did not seem to lessen. He talked much about his father, and asked many questions that were hard to answer.

'What made papa cwy, mamma? Is he sick, mamma? Why doesn't he tum home? Dod will make him better soon, won't he?' Such was his almost constant childish prattle.

'Mamma,' said Dan, one night about a week after the trial, 'does Dod take care of papa?'

'Yes, my child.'

'Well, den, why doesn't he send him home to mamma and Dan?'

'Some day he will, my darling. God will take good care of papa, and after awhile send him to us again.'

'But I want him to tum back now, to-night, mamma.' Dan spoke very emphatically on this point.

'Mamma, if 'ittle Dan tells Dod we want papa to-night, an' toaxes weal hard, won't He send him?'

Mrs. Wharton was about to put him off in some way, but the childish faith was so strong she could not resist saying,' 'Perhaps He will.'

At his mother's knee, that night before going to bed, Dan fully exhausted his childish vocabulary in pleading for his father's return. Having done this he did not want to go to bed but wait, as he said, for his father to come.

It was not strange that he was the first to hear footsteps at the door, nor was it strange that he jumped up, all excitement, and said:

'Mamma, papa's tum. Hurry and let him in!'

She hurried to unfasten the door. The child-like faith had not erred. She almost sank in her husband's arms.

John's story was soon told. New evidence had been placed in the lawyer's hands by a newsboy, who had been a partial witness to the robbery. The boy's story was fully confirmed by other happenings, and so much new evidence was obtained that the motion for a new trial was readily granted. John was at once set at liberty.

PLEASE SHOW THIS TO A friend.

NEW 'MESSENGER' STORY COUPON.

We have been most fortunate in securing 'Saint Cecilia of the Court,' the new Serial Story that has just finished running in the S.S. Times and was so much appreciated and talked about. The Sunday School teachers who have read it will agree with us that it is just the best possible kind of story for the 'Messenger', and one that will be long remembered. It will run for about three months, during which each of your friends who have never taken the 'Messenger may unite to form a club of three or more at TEN cents each.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS that have not been taking the 'Messenger' may have it while the story runs at the rate of FIVE cents per scholar in quantities of ten or more.

Messrs.
John Dougall & Son,
Publishers,
'Witness' Building,
Montreal.

Dear Sirs
I have not been taking the 'Northern Messenger' nor has it been coming to my home for over a year. I would like to have it on trial for three months beginning with the first issue of the new serial entitled "St. Cecilia."

Name of new Subscriber.....

Address.....

HOUSEHOLD.

The Wandering Feet.

(Katharine Tynan, in the 'Westminster Gazette.')

Despite all that their mothers may
To keep the children safe and warm,
There are some golden heads astray
Out in the night and in the storm.

Two and three by the churchyard wall,
The little ones creep close together.
There are some lambskin, soft and small,
Out in the night and the rough weather.

She holds them in her arms so close,
Broods on them with her tender breast,
But one has slipped from his play-fellows,
And comes no more to the old nest.

Two and three in the world to-night
Wander, their mothers know not where,
Oh, bitter rain and sleet fall light
Upon the darling face and hair.

Two and three in the churchyard clay,
The little ones sleep safe together;
But oh, the wandering feet that stray
Out in the world and the rough weather!

The Boys' Club: Why it is Needed.

(By the Rev. Charles Stelzle, in the 'Sunday School Times.')

A visit to any one of our penitentiaries will reveal the fact that the great majority of its inmates are young men; and as one goes through the corridors and workshops of the great institution, and thinks of the lost opportunities represented in the wrecked manhood of the prisoner, it seems as though the sad words, 'It might have been,' are written upon the forehead of every criminal.

But the time when 'it might have been' was back in the boyhood days of the man who is now hardened by crime. If only he had had a friend to advise and help when he was beset by the temptations of city life, he might now be found occupying a position of honor instead of wearing the prisoners' stripes.

Social conditions in our large cities are such that the home no longer influences the average boy as it did in the days when society had fewer claims upon us, and the problem of what is to become of our boys without parental oversight and training is serious enough in the refined home. But what can we say for the boy who has no place that is a real home, but simply a lodge where he spends the night?

There are thousands of boys in our cities whose homes consist of only one or two small rooms in a tenement-house, sometimes back of a dark, dingy alley, and these conditions in our crowded tenements have more to do with crime and immorality than will ever be known on this side of the judgment day. Eighteen persons living in three rooms, twelve of them being adults, are not calculated to stimulate high ideals in the mind of the average boy.

The boy in such a home is usually out of sympathy with his father, especially when he leaves school and starts out to 'help support the family.' At any rate, his father is not always the help that he should be; and if the boy happens to lose his job, sometimes through no fault of his own, and be unable to secure another, the adjective 'loafer' will frequently drive him out of his home, and, if he was not a loafer before he lost his job, he is in a fair way to become one now. Few of us are aware of the great number of young men who board outside of their own homes, even when their parents live in the same city.

In most cases the boy has no trade, and when he passes the age of eighteen, he finds that no one will hire him as a boy, and he is compelled to take his place as a common laborer, getting an odd job wherever he can, because there was no one to help and advise him during the days when he might have prepared himself for the work which would have paid him a fair salary.

Usually, he starts to work at fourteen. If he is large and strong for his age, he goes to the factory just as soon as he can pass for that age.

His evenings are now open to him, since he has no school lessons to prepare. He has more money to spend than he ever had before. His circle of acquaintances is enlarged, and, ordinarily, it includes some young fellow who has seen something of the shadowy side of city life; and as our boy goes about town with him, seeing its gay life, and comparing it with his own monotonous existence, it is a question of only a short time, usually, when the slender tie that binds him to his humble home is broken, and he falls into the clutches of the manager of the cheap theatre, the saloon-keeper, and the keeper of the down-town dive.

In most of our cities, our boys are attracted by the small balls which may be found in the poorer parts of the town, where they advertise 'Dancing to-night at eight o'clock,' or a 'Soiree on Sunday night; gentlemen, 35 cents; ladies, free,' or else they are tempted to join a social club which meets back of a saloon because there is no rent to pay, on the condition that the members of the club will 'treat.' The chief function of the social club is to 'run' a ball, and attend the balls conducted by other social clubs, each striving to outdo the rest in the gorgeousness of the badges worn by the floor manager and his assistants, or in the prizes offered to the best dancer or the most elegantly dressed couple.

Most of these so-called social clubs are a positive curse to the boy who has become associated with their members. The rooms are open every night, and the new boy learns more of sin, in a single evening, by sitting about the table and listening to the coarse and immoral stories being told, than he will forget in a lifetime. There is absolutely no effort made to improve the mind. The young men simply gather at their headquarters to spend the time in idle talk, coarse singing, and card-playing.

If our boy is not attracted by the social club, he spends his evenings standing upon the street corner, where he is in danger of being arrested by the policeman, who is his natural enemy.

Nearly every member of a young men's club which was composed of the fellows in one of my Bible classes had spent at least one night in the police station before joining the club, guilty of no greater crime than that they had no place of greater interest to meet their friends than upon the street corner or in front of their own homes.

It is a sad thought that the poor boy, even when he would do right, must go to some cheap 'variety show,' if he would spend an evening of relaxation after a hard day's work in the shop, because, in most instances, there is no other place to which he could go where he would secure that diversion which he needs.

It is all well enough to make the statement that any boy with push and ambition will find useful employment during the evening, but we must remember that not all boys have this push, and that the great majority are only ordinary boys, and will be only ordinary men. But if they are to be only ordinary men, we ought to help them so that they may at least become good men.

Earnest men and women have become interested in the boys who are thus situated, and have organized what are now known as boys' clubs, into which they seek to gather boys, who are shown the possibilities of a larger life and a broader development than they would ever secure upon the streets or in places of questionable amusement.

Let the mothers and fathers who have boys think over this problem, and in many cases a home club may not only save your boy, but his chums. Take time and trouble to make the boys' room fit for use as a gathering place, and give him help with his fads and collections.

Correct Carriage.

The woman who would be beautiful must carry herself well. A perfectly proportioned figure is a thing to be desired, but it is of little avail without a perfect carriage. Stand with the weight of the body on the balls of the feet, with the chest high and the chin in. The abdomen will then naturally be drawn in and correct position will come of its own accord. Shoulders, hips and ankles should be all in line.—'Woman's Home Companion.'

As snow is itself cold, yet warms and refreshes the earth, so afflictions, though in themselves grievous, yet keep the soul of the Christian warm and make it fruitful.—John Mason.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly)

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Publishers, Montreal.

As snow is itself cold, yet warms and refreshes the earth, so afflictions, though in themselves grievous, yet keep the soul of the Christian warm and make it fruitful.—John Mason.

OUR BABY'S OWN

$12 WOMEN'S SPRING SUITS $4.50

MADE TO ORDER. Suits to $15.00. Jackets, Raincoats, Waists and Skirts at manufacturers' prices.
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SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO., London, Canada.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is published and printed every week at the Witness Block, at the corner of Craig and Bleury streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all communications to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

OUR MAIL BAG.

Deloraine, Man., Feb. 13.

Dear Sirs,—Enclosed find renewal for my 'Witness' for another year. It is a grand paper. I do not want you to ever stop my paper. I intend to always take it while it holds its reputation, for there is no better. Yours,

ALF. POTTER.

Dutch Village, Halifax, N.S., Feb. 26.

Dear Sirs,—Enclosed you will find my subscription to the 'Witness' for another year. As a young man I have read with great delight the testimonials given by men who have been readers of the 'Daily Witness' since its first issue. Without doubt the 'Witness' is the purest family daily published to-day in Canada. Fearless and faithful in denouncing all kinds of immorality, a strong advocate of the essentials of Christianity, and independent enough in politics to censure the faults of the party to which it leans, and to praise the good in the party from which it differs, the 'Witness' commends itself to all who have the best interests of their country at heart.

Sincerely yours,

(Rev.) D. H. MACKINNON.

Herbord, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—It gives me pleasure to extend congratulations upon the Diamond Jubilee of the 'Witness.' I have been taking it for a great number of years, I think over twenty, and I consider it quite an old friend in our home, and feel as though I could not do without its wekely vist. Wishing you every success, I remain, yours truly,

MRS. M. E. MOFFATT.

Tatamagouche, N.S., Feb. 19.

Dear Sirs,—I have taken the 'Witness' for at least fifteen years. It is really a grand paper. Its beacon is as that which guides the storm-tossed mariner on the mighty deep. Its pages gleam with truth that is ennobling and inspiring. Let us join in one common prayer for its advancement. Yours sincerely,

MRS. (CAPT.) JAMES McDONALD.

Sonoma City, Cal., Feb. 19.

Gentlemen,—I have read with pleasure the many congratulations on the Diamond Jubilee of your much valued paper from the Atlantic side, and now from the Pacific slope. I also would send my token of appreciation of your much read paper, which I remember came into my grandfather's home in Ontario, the late James Dunbar, of Picton, and now my children are reading it. So you see it is being read by the fourth generation. It is a welcome visitor to our home each week, and as a paper it cannot be excelled. Wishing the publishers many more years of success, I am, respectfully yours,

J. J. DUNBAR.

Maitland, Ont., Feb. 15.

Dear Sirs,—In forwarding my annual subscription to the 'Daily Witness,' I have much pleasure in adding my congratulations to the many already sent in upon the completion of your paper's sixtieth anniversary. I remember well the impression it made upon me as a boy of sixteen when, in the year 1871, our family came to Montreal from England. Its religous tone, its bold championship of Protestant truth, its persistent advocacy of the purest and most elevating principles, its temperance fervor, its clear presentation of news, its denunciation of tyranny, sordid views and corrupt practices—all these things profoundly affected me, and their influence was lasting. It is a grand thing to realize that in a world and money-making community such as a metropolis like Montreal is so tempted to become, a paper like the 'Daily Witness' should for so long have maintained its popularity. It is a matter for devout thankfulness to God. Especially would I refer to the daily 'Bible Teaching and 'Divine Breathings,' which for some years back have so ably and concisely presented in your columns the practical side of Scriptural truth.

(Rev.) ALFRED BAREHAM.

Winnipeg, Man., Feb. 17.

Dear Sirs,—Please find enclosed subscripton to 'World Wide' to Dec. 31. I like the paper kept for reference, as it is in many respects valuable for this. It is not like the ordinary newspaper, a lot of lumber and very little building, but on the contrary, little lumber and much building. With best wishes. I remain, yours sincerely,

C. H. BLATHERWICK.

The Digestible Pie.

(From the New York 'Tribune.')

When properly made and eaten in moderation, pie is a wholesome food. But how seldom are its crusts and filling prepared with that care which is necessary to produce a digestible dish. The following is a simple rule for pastry: To every six large tablespoonfuls of flour add three ordinary tablespoonfuls of butter. Mix together with a knife, stir in seven tablespoonfuls of ice water and mix again. Add a little lemon juice. Then proceed as for any ordinary rule. This recipe does not contain as much butter as most piecrust rules, and therefore is not so rich. The touch of lemon juice, however, gives the needed tenderness.

In regard to pumpkin pie, if baked pumpkin is used instead of boiled pumpkin, the pie will be richer. Place the pieces of pumpkin in a large pie plate. Cover with a deep tin and place in the oven. When the pumpkin is tender it is ready. There will be no superfluous juice clinging to it, as is the case with boiled pumpkin. It will not brown if properly covered. If pumpkin is preferred boiled, place it on the back of the stove without peeling it, and add just enough water to keep it from burning.

Let it steam in this way or gradually cook for several hours. Long, slow cooking seems to bring out the flavor of pumpkin. Do not think you can make a successful pumkin pie without a plentiful use of good, fresh eggs. Pumpkin pie is by right a form of custard. It should bake some time so that the custard will absorb the pumpkin pulp and cook down until the whole is thoroughly done. A pumpkin pie that is not cooked sufficiently has a raw taste. A good cook, after trying various rules for pumpkin pie, has found the following the best: To every four cups of pumpkin add four cups of milk, four eggs, a cup and a half of sugar, half a grated nutmeg, a tablespoonful of ginger, a tablespoonful of mace and a teaspoonful of salt. Half a cup of cream adds richness.

An old subscriber to the 'Tribune' says that in return for helpful hints given to her in these columns she sends her rule for apple pie. She prepares the crust the day before baking. The apples are steamed on top of the stove until rather tender, but not broken. Just as they are put in the pie the sugar and a pinch of cinnamon are added; then the top crust is put on and the whole baked.

An Irish apple pie makes an agreeable change. Cut the apples into the thinnest of slices, sprinkle them with sugar, add the grated rind of half a lemon and three cloves to every pie. Bake with an upper crust. This recipe will be found nice if made into small individual pies in so-called tart forms.

Some one has suggested serving lemon pies in the form of small tarts, because there will then be no danger of seeing the meringue collapse in the centre when it is served. If the meringue is cooked long enough and in an oven that is slow enough after the egg whites have been thoroughly whipped, there will be no danger of such a mishap. Individual lemon tarts, however, are delightful. A good lemon batter for them is made as follows: Mix half a pound of pulverized sugar with one or two yolks of eggs and the grated rind and juice of 1½ lemons. Fold in the white of three eggs. Stir it over the fire for a few minutes and fill the tart shells.

Is it Hard to Decide?

(George Macdonald.)

I said, 'Let me walk in the fields.'
He said, 'No, walk in the town.'
I said, 'There are no flowers there.'
He said, 'No flowers, but a crown.'

I said, 'But the skies are black;
There is nothing but noise and din.'
And He wept as He sent me back:
'There is more,' He said; 'there is sin.'

I said, 'But the air is thick,
And fogs are veiling the sun.'
He answered, 'Yet souls are sick,
And souls in the dark are undone.'

I said, 'I shall miss the light,
And friends will miss me, they say.'
He answered, 'Choose to-night
If I am to miss you, or they.'

I pleaded for time to be given,
He said: 'Is it hard to decide?
It will not seem hard in heaven
To have followed the steps of your Guide.'

'WITNESS' NEW SERIAL STORY COUPON

TELL YOUR FRIENDS

that the 'Witness' has been most fortunate in securing for the benefit of its readers the exclusive Canadian rights of the new story entitled 'Saints in Society.' **SAINTS IN SOCIETY**

This story has most deservedly just won the first prize in the first novel competition of one of the world's leading book publishers. Besides being exceedingly brilliant and witty, a truly ideal newspaper serial, it will appeal strongly to women everywhere in all walks of life—alike those that are in the whirl of society, and to those who, holding themselves apart, are yet interested in its struggles and problems. Nor will the interest be confined to the women, for the strong picture of the English labor leader and the men who back him in his upward struggle is of special interest just now, and the whole influence of the story will be for good.

As this great story has cost the 'Witness' a good deal, we desire that as many as possible may enjoy it.

X **SPECIAL RATES TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.**

For four months, beginning with issue containing the first chapter of the new story, the 'Weekly Witness' will be sent for only 25 cents. This is an opportunity to read a good story and have the advantages of a good newspaper for a short time for a nominal price. Subscriptions at this rate should be distinctly labelled 'Serial Story Rate,' and are only available for NEW subscribers.

This offer does not apply to the city or suburbs of Montreal or to foreign countries where extra postage is necessary.

If not available to yourself please show this to some friend.

Publishers of the Montreal 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead':

I have not been taking the 'Witness,' nor has it been coming to my home for over a year. I would like to take it on trial for four months, beginning with the first issue of the new serial entitled 'Saints in Society.' I enclose 25 cents.

Name of new subscriber .. ..

Address .. ..

OUR SPECIAL DIAMOND JUBILEE CLUB OFFERS

We want each reader to send us one of the clubs below.

If each reader accomplished this, and we are sure it is possible to almost everyone—then our publications would have the largest circulation of any in the Dominion, and we would make a number of improvements without delay—improvements that each reader would immediately recognize and appreciate.

Four Subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' separately addressed, worth $1.60, for only **$1.00,** three of whom must be new subscribers.

One Subscription each to the 'Northern Messenger' and 'Daily Witness,'	worth $3.40,	for only	**$3.10**
" " " " " " " 'Weekly "	" $1.40	"	**$1.20**
" " " " " " " 'World Wide,'	" $1.90	"	**$1.75**
" " " " " " 'Weekly Witness' and 'World Wide,' ..	" $2.90	"	**$2.20**
" " " " " " 'Daily " " " "	" $4.90	"	**$3.70**

SAMPLES FREE—Agents and Club Raisers will get further information and samples on application.

Those who prefer, instead of working on the basis of the above club offers, may take subscriptions for any of our publications at the full rates, and we will allow a commission of twenty-five percent (one quarter) on renewal subscriptions, and fifty percent (one-half) on new subscriptions. But these terms are only available for those sending three or more subscriptions at a time for the same paper.

NOTE.— New subscribers are people who have not been readers of our publications, or who have not for at least two years lived in homes where they have been taken.

NOTE—These rates will be subject to our usual postal regulations, as follows:—POSTAGE INCLUDED for Canada (Montreal and suburbs excepted), Newfoundland, Great Britain, Gibraltar, Malta, Transvaal, New Zealand, Jamaica, Trinidad, Bahama Islands, Barbadoes, Bermuda, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Zanzibar, Hong Kong, Cyprus, also to the United States, Hawaiian and Philippine Islands. POSTAGE EXTRA to all countries not named in the foregoing list, as follows: 'Daily Witness,' $3.50 extra; 'Weekly Witness,' $1 extra; 'Northern Messenger,' 50 cents extra; 'World Wide,' subscription price, including postage to foreign countries only $1.50.

NOTE — Subscribers getting up clubs are entitled to charge full subscription rates from new subscribers and to retain the difference between those and the above club rates to cover their expenses.

ONE FINE ILLUSTRATED BIBLE GIVEN AWAY EACH DAY

To the subscribers sending us the largest amount of subscription money each day

Short term and special rate subscriptions will all count in swelling up the amounts.

To stimulate further effort, and as some will find it easy to get more than one or two subscribers, we will in addition to the foregoing remarkable offers, commencing November 15th, 1905, and until further notice, award each day to the subscriber sending us in the largest amount of subscription money for our various publications on that day, OUR RED LETTER COLORED PLATE ILLUSTRATED BIBLE. These Bibles would appear to be good value at four dollars each.

If there should happen to be a tie for the largest amount in any given day the premium will be awarded to the one farthest away, because his remittance will have been mailed earlier than the other.

NOTE. — Sunday School Clubs for the 'Messenger' will not count under this offer because they are not secured individually; because usually no one in particular is properly entitled to the premium; and because they are generally large, and to include them would only discourage those working up small individual lists. Neither will remittances count from news agents, from publishers, or from any one who is not a subscriber to one of our publications, nor will one's own subscription count in this offer because it does not require canvassing, nor will those working for other premiums benefit by these offers.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, 'Witness' Building, Montreal.

Maritana, Que., Feb. 23.

John Dougall & Son,

Dear Sirs,—I received the premium Bible to-day, which was a most welcome surprise. I think it a handsome present. The 'Witness' is bound to flourish, it has always stood for the welfare of our country and fellow-brethren. I remain, yours truly,

(MRS.) T. E. GRAVES.

Ottawa, Feb. 28.

Dear Sirs,—I received the Bible sent to my address in good order. I am very much pleased with it. It was a pleasant surprise to me, as I was not expecting it. I have been a subscriber to the 'Witness' for about fifty years, for the past twenty-five years or more I have sent from fourteen to twenty-eight subscribers to the 'Witness' each year. I congratulate you on your Jubilee year. Your publications have done a vast amount of good during the past sixty years. WILLIAM CONNOR.

Vernon, Ottawa Valley, Feb. 26.

Dear Sirs,—As I have been sending subscriptions to the 'Witness' for a number of years, I never thought of receiving anything more than the liberal commission you allow your agents. I had not noticed the 'Diamond Jubilee' offers. So the arrival of the red-letter illustrated Bible which you so kindly sent me for my list for Feb. 16 was indeed a delightful surprise. In thanking you for the beautiful gift may I be permitted to join in the congratulations which you are receiving upon the jubilee of the 'Witness'? It affords me heartfelt gratification to be able to add my humble testimony to that offered by so many, as to the value and usefulness of the 'Witness' as a newspaper. It has been a constant visitor in my father's home for over fifty years. It was the first paper I became acquainted with, and I am thankful that my father ever solicitous for his children's welfare, gave us such company. Thanking you again for the Bible, and wishing you many years of increased prosperity. I remain, yours truly. JAMES FRASER.

SUBSCRIBERS SECURING OUR DAILY JUBILEE AWARD

17th week ENDING MARCH 3. 102 Bibles

Probably none of those securing these awards expect them on such small remittances.

We continue to receive daily, most congratulatory letters concerning the 'Witness' Diamond Jubilee, all of which are heartily appreciated.

Our friends all over the Dominion are joining with us in celebrating our sixtieth anniversary of the foundation of the 'Witness.' Read the above special Diamond Jubilee club offers, including in addition to reduced rates THE GIFT of one of our Red Letter colored plate illustrated Bibles. One of these handsome books is given away each day to the subscriber from whom we receive the largest amount of subscription money (net), for our publications.

The Bibles awarded free appear good value for four dollars.

The list of successful club raisers for the week ending Saturday, March 3.

Monday, Feb. 26.—W. H. Tomalin, Inkster, Man..	$4.50
Tuesday,, Feb. 27.—Jas. Riddle, Danville, Que..	7.25
Wednesday, Feb. 28.—H. Richards, Jack's Lake, Ont..	3.00
Thursday, March 1.—S. Perry Mills, Victoria, B.C.	3.00
Friday, March 2.—G. L Elmes, Farnham, Que..	7.50
Saturday, March 3.—Edward Farmer, Arnprior, Ont..	3.05

Each of the above will receive one of these red letter illustrated Bibles Free, besides their commission.

Who will be the successful subscribers next week? for conditions see "Special Diamond Jubilee Offers" above.

Arthur, Feb. 28.

Dear Sirs,—I can assure you it was a pleasant surprise to have one of your red letter Bibles handed to me in the post-office one day lately. It is so attractive that it is an incentive to closer study of the Bible, when one can see so plainly the life line running all through the word. Accept my sincerest thanks. I hope you may be long spared to carry on the good work you are doing. I remain,

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE HUNTER.

Alberton, P. E. Island, Feb. 27.

Gentlemen,—Let me thank you very much for the present received of such a beautiful Bible, which was to me a complete surprise, as I did not notice your offer, as you say, and was not working for such, but for the 'Witness,' which I consider, on account of its past record of clean journalism, deserves the support of all true lovers of their country. Let me here congratulate you on this your Diamond Jubilee. Yours very truly.

D. MONTGOMERY.

Mouth-breathing.

Mouth-breathing is more than a habit; it is an evidence of deformity or disease in the upper air-passages. A child never breathes through his mouth from choice. He does so either because the passages of the nose are obstructed or because his tonsils are enlarged, and he cannot be taught to breathe naturally so long as the obstruction remains. In some instances the interference with respiration is due to a deformity of the chambers of the nose, but in a majority of cases it is caused by the presence of adenoids in the pharynx. Enlargement of the tonsils may be associated with either of these conditions, or it may exist alone. Children who breathe through their mouths are always more liable to the diseases of the bronchial tubes and lungs. They often suffer, too, from disease of the ears, and they rarely escape the first opportunity to contract the acute infections, for many of these gain entrance through the tonsils. But aside from such possibilities, the interference with breathing soon produces a change in the features and a permanent deformity of the chest quite like that which formerly more than now was regarded as an evidence of an inherited tendency to consumption. These abnormal conditions of the nose and throat often become evident in early infancy; they are considered as due in a measure to hereditary transmissions, for they often appear in several generations of a family. Their existence in a child is sometimes revealed during recovery from measles, scarlet fever or other acute illness. A tendency to catarrhal disease of the throat may develop and persist even after the cause has been removed. This must be overcome by exercise, cool bathing and other hygienic measures, in addition to such local treatment as the physicians may direct. The neck should be bathed with cold water morning and evening. The cold sponge-bath every morning is better, but habitual cold bathing should be begun during the summer time. Muffling of the neck should be avoided as much as possible. Graduated physical culture is always beneficial. No child is too delicate to take systematic exercise under a competent instructor unless it is suffering from some organic disease. A most important part of the course is the cool shower or plunge-bath at the close of each period of exercise, and it soon becomes the part that is most enjoyed.

Selected Recipes.

FISH SALAD.—The remnants of cold boiled or baked fish are the most difficult to dispose of except when utilized in a salad. Canned salmon also makes a very nice luncheon salad combined with boiled potatoes, green peppers, cabbage or string beans. Remove skin, fat and bones from the fish, cut or flake into neat pieces, sprinkle with salt, pepper, add a few capers and a few whole allspice and moisten well with French dressing. Serve with crisp lettuce border or string beans moistened with French dressing.

HERRING SALAD.—Soak three Holland herring over night, then cut in small pieces. Boil light medium-sized potatoes and two small beets (canned beets can be used), and when cold cut into rather small pieces. Slice two onions and cut a little roasted veal into dice. Also cut four sour apples and mix all together with French or mustard dressing and garnish with crisp lettuce and three hard-boiled eggs sliced.

VEAL SALAD.—Cold boiled or roast veal makes a very good salad. Cut the meat into dice and add as much coarsely chopped tender cabbage as meat. Season well with salt, paprika and celery salt. Mix with mayonnaise and serve with lettuce and hard-boiled egg as a garnish.

MOCK OYSTER SOUP.—This is made from codfish and is not to be under-rated. A cupful of diced codfish, put into cold water and bring slowly to a boil, pour off the water used for freshening and add a cupful of boiling water, a quart of sweet milk, a cupful of cream, butter the size of an egg, heat to boiling point and add a tablespoonful of corn starch that has been blended with cold milk. Serve hot with oyster crackers.

Chapter I. What Leading Journalists Have Said.
" II. " " Ministers Have Said.
" III. " " Educationists Have Said.
" IV. " " Statesmen Have Said.
" V. " " Business Men Have Said.

VI—What mothers are saying—

MRS. E. A. MOYLE, Burlington, Ont.

We would not do without the 'Weekly Witness' for twice the amount. Mr. Moyle always turns to the editorial deliverance on the various questions of the day, as he is sure the comments will be intelligent, broad and just. I turn instinctively to the Home Department, always sure of finding something to help and uplift, as well as many valuable hints for home needs. It was taken for many years in my father's home. When we set up our home, twenty-four years ago, we took the 'Witness,' and it has been in our home ever since. So we well may wish such an old friend long life and prosperity.

Mr. J. M. CLARK, Smith's Falls, Ont.

Your paper has been a daily visiter to both my grandfather's and my father's home ever since I can remember. My family enjoy reading it just as well.

MRS. L. DAVIDSON, Port au Pique, N.S.

I have had much pleasure in reading the 'Weekly Witness' and 'Northern Messenger' for years. All the members of the family enjoy the papers very much.

MRS. JAMES FERGUSON, Granby, Que.

I have been a subscriber to the 'Weekly Witness' for nearly forty years. It has always been a welcome visitor; always clean and wholesome. Hope it may continue many years a blessing in the homes of Canada and elsewhere.

MRS. WILLIAM NELSON, New Westminster, B.C.

I have been a subscriber to both the 'Witness' and 'Northern Messenger' for a number of years in Prince Edward Island, our former home. I feel that both papers are indispensable in our home, and as a family paper have no equal.

MRS. JOSEPH TETREAU, Moffatt, Sask.

Enclosed find express money order to send the 'Weekly Witness' to three of my sons, and three other persons. Hope the 'Witness' may be long spared to guide its readers in the straight and narrow way, and to teach them to value the purity they find in all your publications.

What do you think of it?

What avails such opinions unless you also have become a subscriber? The following coupon will help you. We want five thousand new subscribers to send their subscriptions in celebration of our Diamond Jubilee year.

Jubilee Coupon Offer.

Good if used within ten days of receipt of this issue.

THE 'WITNESS' ON TRIAL TO JAN. 1st, 1907,

for only **50** cents.

Any reader of the 'Messenger' who has never before taken the 'Daily' or 'Weekly Witness,' may have the **'WEEKLY WITNESS and CANADIAN HOMESTEAD'** to January 1st, 1907, by cutting out this Coupon and sending it with Fifty Cents addressed to

Messrs. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, 'Witness' Building, Montreal.
Dear Sirs,—As a reader of the 'Messenger,' who has neither taken the 'Daily' or 'Weekly Witness' before, nor have I with others who did take it during the last two years, I am entitled to your trial offer of the 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead,' to January 1st, 1907, at the Special Rate of 50 cents enclosed herewith.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
.....

A FEW MOST EXCELLENT PREMIUMS

To Stimulate Activity in Greatly Extending Our Circulation.

After examining a large number of articles, we selected the following as being the most attractive and desirable Premiums that could possibly be offered. They are all such as will add to the attractiveness of the home; some by way of usefulness and beauty, others by way of joy and merriment. For instance, the game 'Din,' and our Stereoscope will be like 'bundles of joy' and 'loads of fun.' If any one member of a family got to work at once, these premiums might be easily earned one after another. How much more quickly if several members of the family started out. And the friends who subscribed for any of the 'Witness' publications, would have full value—and might be invited to enjoy the game and stereoscope, too. Other premiums will be announced next week.

New Subscribers.

When new subscribers are stipulated it means absolutely bona-fide new subscribers. That is, people in whose homes the paper subscribed for has not been taken within the past two years, or whose name appears in our subscription list of two years ago. We only need to make this matter plain to have it faithfully carried out by our canvassers.

Renewals.

In all of the following offers two renewal subscriptions will be accepted instead of one new one, and one subscription to the 'Weekly Witness' or 'World Wide,' will count as two for the 'Northern Messenger.' One reason is that renewals are not difficult to get, but the chief reason is that renewal subscriptions are our main support, and therefore we have to depend upon them.

Those who cannot complete the 'Messenger' club required for any of the following premiums may still secure the premium desired by sending what 'Messenger' subscriptions they have taken at forty cents each, and 25 cents additional cash, instead of every subscription they are short of the required number. Those working for the following premiums must, of course, send full rates for each subscription—and must mark NEW or RENEWAL opposite each.

"DIN."

The New Game DIN.

Very Funny.

This is the very latest and the funniest game yet devised. It consists of eighty cards representing the animals and fowls found in a barnyard.

The unique feature of the game is the mirth created by the various players in their attempts to imitate the cries of the different animals. The result is a side-splitting din. Just the game for these long winter evenings.

Full directions for playing sent with each game.

Any subscriber can have this great game of DIN free of charge who sends $1.60 for four subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' three of which must be new.

A Trip Around the World

BY MEANS OF

Laughable, Interesting and Beautiful Colored Views.

from all parts of the world. This trip will be enjoyed by young and old, and can be taken at small expense.

By an arrangements with the manufacturers, we are able to purchase this handsome Outfit at a price that permits us to make our readers a very liberal premium proposition. This Outfit consists of the following:

ONE STEREOSCOPE, with aluminum hood, and bound with dark, rich, red velvet. The frame is of fine finished cherry, with sliding bar holding the views, and with a patent folding handle.

COLORED VIEWS, made by a special process, a combination of lithographing and half-tone work, handsomely colored in natural effects. The objects in the pictures are shown in relief—not flat like an ordinary picture — and are so natural that you imagine you are right on the scene looking at them in reality. You will take as much pleasure in showing these views to others as you do in admiring them yourself.

HERE ARE THE TWO BEST PREMIUM PROPOSITIONS WE HAVE EVER MADE.

OUTFIT NO. 1.—Consists of one best Stereoscope and 24 colored views, and will be given to those sending us $1.00 for ten subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' six of which must be absolutely new subscribers.

OUTFIT NO. 2—Consists of fifty views, and our best Stereoscope, will be given for fifteen subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, eight of which must be new.

These Stereoscopes must not be supposed to be the cheapest kind usually peddled in the country. The cheap kind was offered us also, but we knew our subscribers would appreciate the best. The difference in price is chiefly due to the superior lense used.

We mail to any address in Canada or United States post paid.

CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE SERIES.

(By J. H. WILLARD.)

handsomely bound. These Bible Stories cannot fail to stimulate in young people a desire for a further knowledge of the Scriptures.

The language is within the comprehension of youthful readers. Each story is complete by itself. The books will make attractive holiday gifts.

For three or more absolutely new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, one may select one of the following books, or the books will all be sent to the remitter of the club, if so directed.

'The Boy Who Obeyed'—The Story of Isaac.
'The Farmer'—The Story of Joseph.
'The Favorite Son'—The Story of Joseph.
'The Adopted Son'—The Story of Moses.
'The Boy General'—The Story of Joshua.
'The Boy at School'—The Story of Samuel.
'The Shepherd Boy'—The Story of David.
'The Boy Who Would be King'—The Story of Absalom.
'The Captive Boy'—The Story of Daniel.
'The Boy Jesus.'

REVERSIBLE SMYRNA RUG.

Size 2½ x 5 feet.

These Handsome Smyrna Rugs are made of the best wool dyed in fast colors and reversible, being same on both sides. They are of the popular size, 2½ x 5 feet, and are made up in Oriental Medallion and Floral Patterns. Great taste and harmony characterize the coloring. Having made a contract with the manufacturer to supply us with these Rugs at a very low price we are able to offer them on very reasonable terms. Though this Rug would be cheap at four dollars in any of the city carpet stores, we will give it away to any subscriber sending fourteen absolutely new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each. For every subscription short of the required number send 25c each. Thus, if the club raiser can only get ten at 40c, he will have to send one dollar extra.

The express charges will be collected of the receiver of the Rug by the Express Company, which can be ascertained as the weight being under 8 pounds.

Each new subscriber will receive, in addition a copy of our '1905 in Caricature,' being a selection of about a hundred and fifty of the best cartoons on the most important events of the year.

ONE-PIECE LACE CURTAIN

With Lambrequin Throwover.

This is the very latest thing in Lace Curtains, and is a decided novelty, having a Lambrequin Throwover, the entire Curtain being woven in one piece. This Curtain is strongly made, having overlock edges, while the design is of a neat and dainty floral pattern.

This unique Curtain fits one window, being 4 yards long and 60 inches wide, divided down the centre. It will at once appeal to the housewife whose attempt at artistic arrangement has often proved an unsatisfactory and trying task. Simply throw the Lambrequin top over the pole facing it outward, drape back the sides and it is complete.

One pair of these Lambrequin Curtains will be given for a club of five absolutely new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, post paid, to any address in Canada or the United States.

THE SWEET STORY OF OLD.

A LIFE OF CHRIST FOR CHILDREN.

This CHILD'S LIFE OF CHRIST, by Mr. Haskell, with an introduction by the Ven. Archdeacon Farrar, D.D., for children, and it many beautiful illustrations, makes a very attractive volume. The experience of many mothers has proved that even from earliest years, the heart of childhood is capable of being moved by the 'Sweet tory of Old.'

This book has 31 illustrations, six in colors, by artists who realize that the picture is as important as the printed page, and have made this part of the book an important feature. The book measures 5½x7½ inches, and is printed from large, clear type, on an extra good quality of paper. The cover is in cloth, beautifully decorated in gold and colors, with title on the side and back, making a very attractive looking book.

We will give a copy of this beautiful book, postpaid, for only three subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger'' at 40c each.

NOTTINGHAM LACE BED SET.

Consisting of Three Pieces.

THIS VERY HANDSOME BEDROOM SET, consists of one Lace Bed Spread, size 72 by 84 inches, and one pair of Lace Pillow Shams, each 34 by 34 inches. This Set is a reproduction from a real Nottingham design, overlook edges, with ribbon effect, and Fleur de Lys centre.

READ OUR VERY LIBERAL PROPOSITION.

The complete Set, consisting of Bed Spread and Two Pillow Shams, will be sent post paid, for only Ten New Yearly Subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each.